TODAY'S YOUTH AND TOMORROW'S WORLD

STANLEY HIGH

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Today's youth and tomorrow's world

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Today's Youth and Tomorrow's World

BOOKS BY STANLEY HIGH

TODAY'S YOUTH AND TOMORROW'S WORLD
LOOKING AHEAD WITH LATIN AMERICA
THE NEW CRISIS IN THE FAR EAST
EUROPE TURNS THE CORNER
CHINA'S PLACE IN THE SUN
THE CHURCH IN POLITICS
THE REVOLT OF YOUTH
A WAKING WORLD

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TODAY'S YOUTH AND TOMORROW'S WORLD

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Today's Youth and Tomorrow's World

1

Everybody's Business

WE HAD a live crowd of young people in our church. Too live a crowd—according to some folks. After our Sunday night suppers the dishes were not always washed and put away. Occasionally some of the choice church china was broken. Once or twice a chair, too enthusiastically occupied, gave way under the strain. There was always a good deal of laughter. And there wasn't always very careful attention. There were whispers among some of the non-laughing elders about "rowdyism" and "the jazz age" and "the old days when I went to young people's meetings." Our society, in short, was viewed with a good deal of suspicion and perhaps a little alarm.

Eventually, the young people themselves discovered that they were not in very good ecclesiastical standing. And that bothered them. They knew they could not alter the fact that they were young people. Only time could do that. And, being young people, they were pretty sure they could not suddenly begin

acting like old people. But they were proud of their church, and they wanted their church to be proud of them—hilarity and all. So, in the frank fashion of young people, they talked it over in open meeting. And they arrived at a conclusion which was rather well summed up by one young man.

"The trouble is," he said, "we've been having a lot of meetings, but they haven't got us anywhere. We have done a lot of talking, but there hasn't been much point to it. Now this is our church, and we are church young people. The church's job is religion. That ought to be our job, too. How would it be if we worked out a series of discussions about religion, and made the topics so definite that we'd know from the beginning that we were heading somewhere, and that if we kept going we might arrive?"

That opinion got a good round of applause.

"I'm all for it," said another boy, "provided we keep the discussions down to earth. I mean down to the earth where we are living. Most of the time when we talk about religion we are too vague. What if we have some meetings to discuss Christ's plan for the world, and what we can do about it?"

That sounded like a large order. It was. But we decided that too big a plan was better than one too small, and we went ahead. We divided up the weeks

of the year and the problems of the world and made an outline. Of course we soon found that there were more problems than weeks. But we did a bit of combining and telescoping, and finally got what we called our program. It was certainly imposing. But at least everybody was for it, and it did look as though, if we carried it through, we would arrive somewhere. And when we had finished I think everybody agreed that we had. At any rate, the problems we discussed and the way we discussed them make up the outline of this book.

Some things have been included which were not brought up in our meetings, and a good many things that we considered have been left out. I have not tried, all the way through, to tell the story in terms of the rapid-fire give and take that soon characterized our discussions. But the gist of the story is all here. And I think I ought to add—in the interest of historical accuracy—that long before we had gone through with our outline the whispering campaign had stopped, and by the time we had finished there was no longer any serious opposition in the whole church.

It was sensible to begin such a discussion by taking a good look at the world; not only at the world of the present but at the one that was in the making. Obviously, if we were to find anything about Christ's

plan for the world we needed to know something about the world, which is criss-crossed by the trails Christians have made; and, in the second place, we had to understand something pretty definite about Christ's plan. We began with the world.

I once lived in a New York apartment house. It was far from easy. Everybody was too close to everybody else. I had been raised in some of the small towns of the West where it was not thought exactly decent to have one's home nearer than a hundred feet to the home of anybody else; and a distance of a hundred yards was considered better. But here was everybody stepping on the toes of everybody else. There wasn't anything we could do about it. Everybody had a right to his particular apartment. We might not like the radio across the hall, or the way the baby downstairs cried all night. But we could try to live as peaceably as possible together. There was a bulletin board downstairs on which a few regulations were posted. And, to the best of our ability, we tried to observe them. One family that refused to abide by the rules was outlawed and finally made to move. Our business had become, in a sense, everybody's business, and everybody's business was ours. At least we realized that in such close quarters, if anybody started storing something that resembled dynamite in their particu-

lar two rooms and kitchenette, it was up to the rest of us to do something about it. One apartment could not possibly blow up without wrecking the apartments of all the others.

And that, in brief, is very much the kind of world we live in. It is a much more complex and disturbing world than the one of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. I met an old woman the other day—past ninety years of age. Her grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War. She can remember him vividly. In the days of her grandfather there were less than fifty post offices in the entire country. Riders on horseback carried the mail from New York to Boston, and took eight days for the trip.

Today I can look out of my study windows and see the traffic pouring down that same Boston Post Road —motor traffic that makes the trip in eight hours. Every three hours the Boston mail and passenger plane flies over my house. It makes the trip in an hour and three quarters. I can go downstairs, flip a lever, turn a dial, and tune in on the world. For three months now I have stood every Sunday afternoon to speak into a tiny metallic box, knowing that what I say will be heard by my friends in New England, my parents in Nebraska, and other friends as far south as the tip of Florida or as far west as Vancouver. At need, I can

telephone London or Paris or Berlin. Modern science has brought the world into the same circle.

A few months ago I was in Geneva, Switzerland. A friend sat with me in the room where the world disarmament conference was then in session. He told me of the tense hours in that room six months before, when Japan was launching her attack on the Chinese army at Shanghai.

"The statesmen of all the Great Powers were here," he said. "They realized that the world might be on the verge of another war. At one side of the room sat the representative of China. On the other side the representative of Japan. The Chinese delegate, in the midst of that discussion, got to his feet and pointed to the clock:

" 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'in exactly three hours by the clock the Japanese ultimatum will expire and the slaughter of my people begin again. What are you going to do about it?'

"And every half hour, thereafter, he got up, pointed to the clock and gave that warning. He brought the war to Geneva and let it break loose right in the midst of us."

Every war—in fact, every event of significance—is brought just that close to us. If it is not on the radio it comes with the morning paper or in the first mail de-

livery. For good or ill we are in league with everybody else. And nobody can start trouble in his particular bit of territory without making trouble for all the rest of us in ours. When the news came through, last year, that a regiment of American soldiers was being dispatched to Shanghai from Manila, newsboys within an hour were on the streets of New York City with extra editions of their papers. And newspaper sales for a period of a few days took a bigger jump than at any time since the Armistice. Shanghai was a long way from New York City or Altoona or Dubuque. At least we had always assumed that it was a long way. Overnight, however, we awoke to a realization of the fact that a fight in Shanghai might be as real and as tragic a thing to us as a fire in our own home town.

Not only is our modern world very much like an apartment house, but we who live in it are very much like people who live in glass houses. Everybody knows almost all that is to be known about everybody else. And that is positively embarrassing. There was a time when we who profess to be Christians used to send out emissaries to the ends of the world to tell about our Christian civilization. We were proud of our civilization; even boasted about it. But those days are gone forever. People everywhere know so much about us that it is no longer possible to say the things

we would like to say about ourselves. India and China and Africa, which have heard our Christian professions, now live so close to us that they can see the great gulf which too often has been fixed between the things that we profess and the things that we practise.

I remember once, down in South Africa, I was asked to speak before a group of Negro college students on the subject of Christian civilization. That sounded to me like a large order for a short talk. I found that it was larger, in fact, than I had anticipated. For, on the way to the meeting, I was met by two young Negroes who said to me very courteously:

"We wonder if you won't please work into your talk on Christian civilization an explanation of your Jim Crow cars and your lynching record."

Imagine trying to work that into a talk on Christian civilization! My speech was ruined. Those Negroes knew altogether too much about me and my kind! A few months later I had a somewhat similar experience in India. A Hindu student asked me if I would be so kind, while I was talking about the West and the East, as to include something about the reasons for, and the present status of, our Oriental exclusion laws. Again I was in what looked like a tight corner. I had come as a representative of Christian people. These Christian people, in this modern world, had been subjected

to the close scrutiny of intelligent non-Christians. These non-Christians had seen many things; and a great deal of what they saw was not to the credit of Christianity. They hesitated to take our religion seriously because they saw us hesitate to take it seriously. Christianity in the abstract appealed to them. But Christianity in the concrete was less appealing. It tolerated too many contradictions.

Well, anyone who looks at it squarely soon comes, I think, to the conclusion that we are living in a new kind of world. It is a world in which all human ills and human achievements are common property. A new medical discovery in the laboratories of the University of Tokio becomes overnight the property of men who are fighting disease in every corner of the world. A new epidemic breaking out in Europe immediately puts the authorities of the port cities of all nations on their guard. A sabre-rattling statesman, breathing threats against his neighbors, is seen to be a threat to the security of all the world. And a new program for the peaceful settlement of the disputes between peoples stirs the interests of those who are striving for goodwill everywhere.

The same thing is true of Christianity. The world is sizing up our faith by what it reads of the way we practise it. One lynching, one assault upon a company

of striking miners, or one bread riot is cabled to the ends of the earth. It is held up by spokesmen for other faiths as concrete evidence of the inadequacy of the Christian religion. It becomes an anti-Christian argument which months of preaching and practical Christian ministry are perhaps unable to overcome.

This America of ours, therefore, is something of a laboratory. In it we have a chance to test the teachings of Jesus Christ and demonstrate that they work. This demonstration is already in progress in many places. It is in progress in dozens of schools hidden away in the mountains of the South, and in the work of Christian doctors and nurses who travel those mountain roads to carry a ministry that heals the body, mind and spirit. It is in progress also in a hundred Negro communities where Christian money has established other schools and colleges, and through them opened closed doors.

In the mountains and on the high plateaus of the Southwest it has brought a new opportunity into the lives of Indians and Mexicans, America's forgotten people. Along the highways, in the lumber camps and near the harvest fields of the West and Northwest, that experiment continues, year after year, among the thousands of homeless, migrant workmen who drift month after month from place to place, following whatever jobs they can find. It is being carried on in the heart

of our great cities, where stations for the conserving and rebuilding of human personality have been built. To follow the trails of those enterprises along which Christian people and the Christian church are hard at work in proving the practical reality of their faith, would lead one into every corner of our land, through every darkened community, and into the homes of every class of less fortunate people.

But long and thrilling as each adventure would be, it is still only a trail! It needs, by the courage of some generation of young people, to be broadened to a highway which, along its lighted route, should leave no suffering unattended, no ignorance unbroken and no spiritual ill unhealed. It is to the building of that kind of Christian thoroughfare that the church calls its youth.

2

But That Was Two Thousand Years Ago!

I KNOW a boy who was born lucky. At least everyone said he was born lucky. His father had built up a successful factory near my home. For a generation that factory was well run. The product it manufactured was in increasing demand. It made money, plenty of it. There was nothing for this boy to do but grow up, go to college and return to the soft job that his father's success had prepared for him. He did grow up and go to college. And he did return to his father's factory. When, a year later, his father died, the young man took over the business. At twenty-three he was at the place that it had taken his father thirty years to reach. Success to him was just a neat little package that came all wrapped up on a nice silver platter. He didn't have to do anything with it. There it was. Pretty lucky!

Well, perhaps not so lucky, either. When I am out driving nowadays I sometimes take a road that leads past that factory. It is idle—and has been idle for years. The windows are broken. The factory gates sag

on their hinges. Grass has grown up in the car tracks that run past its warehouse. The liveliest thing about the place are the rats that infest it. And all because a young man who had a grand world on his hands didn't know what to do with it. He squandered his chance.

Not long ago I met a man who had been a foreman in that factory.

"I'd like to know," I said, "what happened."

"There isn't much to tell," he said. "It was just the old story of a young man who knew it all. He listened to no one and he learned nothing. He was more interested in having his own way than in having a successful factory. He had his own way, all right. But he wrecked the factory."

Now most young people will never inherit a factory. But it is certain that they will inherit a world. It is a world that has been modernized and brought up to date by the hard work of their forefathers. They have equipped it with a vast amount of machinery of all kinds. They have built schools and colleges and sent their children to them. And sooner or later these older people will dictate their last letter, give their last order, and shut down the old roll-top desk for the last time. They will move out. And, hard on their heels, the younger generation will move in. That is as certain as time. The question is not whether the younger genera-

tion will take over the factory, but rather what they will do with it after they have taken it over.

The answer to that question does not depend on chance. It is a matter of choice. The factory that I have been writing about collapsed because its young boss would not take advice. He knew it all himself. This larger factory that we call the world may collapse for the same reason. Some people say we are headed that way already. They point out, like the old foreman, that we listen to no one and learn nothing. We are more interested in having our own way than in having a successful world. Well, we are having our own way. But we are wrecking the world. And to prove it they point to the World War, the present depression, the starvation and the discontent. And they tell us that as things now stand we are going straight towards a bigger war, deeper depression, and greater sufferings. And, once in a while, one of these gloomy prophets brightens up enough to admit that of course there is one bit of hope. A younger generation may come along to make a better job of it.

But that is easy to say. It is not, however, so easy to do. A young man brought that to my attention only a few weeks ago.

"We want to make something of ourselves," he said. "We'd like to make something of the world. But

we need a plan of some sort. We can't go differently until we get something different to go by."

"How about trying the New Testament?" I suggested.

"But that was two thousand years ago," he said; "it's old-fashioned."

"I'll agree that it was two thousand years ago. But I don't think it is old-fashioned. In fact, if you take Jesus and his plan and put them squarely up to the average man of the world, you'll probably be told that 'they sound all right in theory, but they are too far ahead of the times for practice.' "

"Maybe so," said the young man. "At least we can find out."

And that, perhaps, is enough to begin with: a desire to find out. And a good place in which to begin finding out is the New Testament, to see whether Jesus and his program really will serve, whether, after two thousand years, they are still practical.

Suppose, for example, you outline a Hall of Fame on your blackboard. Then nominate and write down the names of the men whom you believe to be the greatest that the human race has been able to produce. You will include Lincoln and Washington, St. Francis, Joan of Arc, Luther and Wesley, Napoleon and Julius Caesar—and a long list of others, ancient and modern.

And then, over on the other side of the blackboard, write down: Jesus Christ.

I don't think it is necessary to argue very much on that point. It is clear, isn't it, that he belongs to a column of his own? After you have culled out the greatest figures of history, Jesus still stands in a class by himself. None of these other personalities seems as certain as his personality to provide us with the sure example we are looking for.

And you will discover another interesting fact. Without exactly knowing why, you will probably be measuring these other individuals by him. As good Americans, you would be likely to place Abraham Lincoln at the top of your list. And when you stop to ask just why you put him there, I think I can guess the answer. It isn't Lincoln's politics that leads you to give him first place. Rather it is his spirit. You seem to sum it all up when you say that Lincoln ought to go to the top of the list because he is the "most Christ-like."

When the same test is applied to the other personalities, of course you may have doubts about keeping some of them on the list. Take the case of Napoleon, for example. Perhaps, after all, he does not deserve a place on the list because so many people judge him to have been "ruthless," "selfish," "bloodthirsty." "He was out for himself and left the world worse

than he found it." Almost subconsciously you will make the personality of Jesus your yardstick. The good and evil in men, their greatness or their smallness, you judge—when you stop to think about it—in terms of the way in which they measure up to him. And you will conclude that the time element cannot enter into the case at all—that, whether Jesus lived two thousand years ago or twenty years ago, he deserves to stand by himself until someone else arises who can stand with him.

This doubtless explains why mankind, which so easily forgets most things, has not been able to forget Jesus. His personality looms too large to be missed. In Soviet Russia—where the government is determined to tear up religion by the roots and destroy it —that fact is clear. I found in Russia that the militant atheists were not afraid of the church; they thought they had the church already beaten. They were not afraid of the priests; these were already almost wholly suppressed. But they were afraid of Jesus. Two thousand years after he walked in obscurity in Galilee, he continues to live and threaten the program of the twentieth century communism.

"The Old Testament isn't so bad," one of the leading atheists told me, "but we won't have the New Testament in circulation. Our children simply mustn't know 'the Jesus myth.' And we're seeing to it that they

don't. In all our schools we teach them that there never was any such person; that he is just a figure invented to serve the uses of selfish people."

So the Soviets, fearful of taking any chances with Jesus, have passed a law abolishing him. He is declared a myth—by law. It is not likely, however, that with or without a law he will permanently remain a myth. His influence has a way of getting across borders despite customs regulations, and into new corners of the world without man-made passports.

The same thing applies to Jesus' teachings. He not only lived the best life we know, but he proposed the best that we have been offered. His teachings are not old-fashioned. They are still as far ahead of the times as his life is ahead of ours. When I was in India I visited the *ashram* (retreat) of Mahatma Gandhi. On the little desk in front of him, Mr. Gandhi had a copy of the New Testament. It was well worn and marked. He saw that I noticed it.

"That book," he said, "ought to be included in the constitution of a free India. It's got in it everything that we are struggling for. In fact, for six weeks now I have been trying to go through the Sermon on the Mount with the people here at the *ashram*. We have been taking the sermon verse by verse and endeavoring to discover just what it means in the life of the world, and particularly in the life of India. Well, we

have discovered so much that, after six weeks, we're only half way through the beatitudes."

The New Testament is sufficiently up to date for India.

I remembered, then, an experience I had had in Korea. That was in 1919. The people of Korea—particularly the young people—were trying to win their freedom from Japan. In the course of the movement a declaration of independence was drawn up and secretly circulated through the country. That declaration became the charter around which the enthusiasms of young Korea were rallied. The student who told me this explained that it had been written by a score of young Koreans hidden away in an old tea house on the outskirts of the city of Seoul.

"You'll be interested to know," he said, "that these patriots had two source books in writing this appeal. The first was a Korean translation of the American Declaration of Independence, and the second was a Korean translation of the New Testament."

Obviously, Jesus' teachings were far from being old-fashioned in Korea.

When I was last in Geneva I sat for a time in the hall where the World Conference on Disarmament was meeting. From the press gallery I watched the statesmen of the world debate back and forth, without much apparent progress, the problems involved in this

effort to keep peace on the earth. Later I called upon Dr. Mary Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, and one of the members of the American delegation.

"It must be a discouraging business," I said, "to have to sit through these endless sessions and be able, from day to day, to see such little progress."

"It might be discouraging," she said, "if I weren't sure of two things. In the first place, what we are trying to do here is to make it easier for the nations to accept the Christian program for themselves. They've had other kinds of programs for so long that this change isn't easy. But it is tremendously worth while. And, in the second place, I am not discouraged because I get a steady stream of letters from people who insist that this conference shall not adjourn until it does succeed in opening the way for a more Christian set-up in our international relations."

It was evident at Geneva that Jesus' teachings were not out of date.

John Eagan was one of the founders of the American Cast Iron Pipe Company. When he was asked to accept the position as president of the company he said, "I will do this, provided I am allowed to conduct the business according to the principles of Jesus Christ." And he conducted it in just that way. When there was a conflict between his principles and what

appeared to be good economics, John Eagan saw to it that the principles won. And when, after he had built up the company to an outstanding position, he died, he declared in his will that its trustees should continue "on the basis of the golden rule given by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

A few years after John Eagan's death I visited Birmingham and met several of the men who directed the affairs of his company.

"We're still carrying on as he directed us," one of them told me. "We've a long way to go yet before we can really make good on a program as big and as idealistic as that. But we are making progress towards it."

Evidently the world of business—even the world of business at its best—has not outgrown the program laid down by Jesus.

And, to make the matter even more specific, why not bring it right down to your own community? Discuss business and politics and education in your town. Pick out the most high-minded business man you know about. In my own town that man happens to run a large dairy, and a very successful one. This man appeals to me because he seems to run his business primarily in order to do good rather than to make money. And that will appeal to most people because it is the kind of unselfishness that would appeal to Jesus.

But, after you have made a canvass of your town you will probably come to two conclusions. First of all, you will decide that there is no activity in the community that suffers from trying to follow Jesus' program of unselfishness and service too closely. And second, that most activities suffer because they refuse to follow his program closely enough.

"You'll have to admit, of course," said one young man with whom I was discussing this point, "that we are pretty hard on these people we are talking about. We've got a long way to go yet before this New Testament program you're talking about is actually put to work."

And that, I think, sums up the matter for almost all of us. We are really two thousand years behind time. Though Jesus came and announced his program twenty centuries ago, and though we are modern and up to date, we have not as yet caught up with him. He and his plan are still a long way ahead of, instead of behind, us. To try to bring him back into the world today and put his purposes into operation is not easy. Because he is so far ahead of our times, we are frequently told that "the time is not yet ripe" and are called "impractical idealists." And yet you cannot get away from the fact that we ought to make the effort.

After all, here we are, like the young man with the

factory. We have a world on our hands, and we need the best help we can have to run it properly. It has been run for a long time on a second- or third-best basis. Perhaps, if we really mean business, we shall have courage enough to go to the first and highest source. At least we are all agreed that if we have that much courage it should not be long before we have a new and finer world in which to live.

Well, after you are pretty well convinced that there is something decidedly modern about Jesus and his gospel, there are still some questions left unanswered. And you will never really answer them until you get busy with the New Testament itself. The first thing you will find out about the New Testament is that Jesus had not worked out all our problems for us. He never said anything, in his three years of preaching, about India, or the Korean independence movement, or how a man like John Eagan ought to run the pipe business. When Jesus began to preach he knew that our world of 1933 would differ from his world. But he knew, also, that there were a few things that would not be very different.

The world has changed a great deal, but people have changed very little. There was nothing very up to date, in the twentieth century sense, in the material

possessions of the rich young ruler who came to Jesus. He did not have an automobile, had never sent a telegram or listened to a radio. He had a great deal of money, and he wanted to keep it at all costs. But his spiritual possessions were very up to date. And what Jesus had to say to that young man two thousand years ago, on a very old road in ancient Palestine, could just as well be said today in the cabin of a tri-motor Fokker airplane. Jesus insisted that his followers could not serve both God and mammon. Well, that is not an out-of-date idea. God and mammon cannot both be worshipped in our modern electrified, steam-heated world any better than in the world where Jesus lived.

And, in the course of your searching in the New Testament, you will probably reach that great sentence: "I am come that ye may have life and that ye may have it abundantly." That was to Jesus' ministry what the preamble is to our own Declaration of Independence. Jesus preached a good many sermons and performed a great many miracles. This sentence might have served as a text for everything he did. And the more you think about that text, the more you will be convinced that it is not out of date. An abundant life is one that is filled with good things, physical, mental and spiritual. And even with all our improvements there are still plenty of people who go through life

without ever having an abundance of those good things. Just now in most American cities you will find, for example, soup kitchens and bread lines for the unemployed. If all the people in them are not starving, they are at least a long way short of having an abundance.

Mentally and spiritually, a lot of people, twenty centuries after Jesus lived, are still trying to get along on soup-kitchen rations. If Jesus were to return he could start preaching again at the very place where he left off, and continue to use the same text he used then: "I am come that ye may have life and that ye may have it abundantly."

To make all this clear you might get out the blackboard again. Write down on it the specific things that Jesus tried to establish in his world, and which you are sure he would want us to try to establish in ours. The list will include: love, brotherliness, honesty, service, forgiveness, humility, courage, sacrifice. And in the whole list you will not find a single quality that is not as much needed today as it was two thousand years ago.

That two-thousand-year-old program will encourage you. It will break down the barrier of time between yourself and Jesus. You will begin to feel that traveling with him you will be in the company of the

most modern character that history has ever produced; that in trying to do his will you will never be old-fashioned or out-of-date. Your task, in short, is not to change Jesus' plans but to apply them. That task is big enough and modern enough for any generation.

3

Speed

THE two-hundred-and-fifty-mile, four-lane, cement highway that connects New York and Boston runs near my home. If you have ever tried on a holiday week-end to make time on the Boston Post Road, you have had an experience with traffic at its thickest and worst. About a mile from my house the highway takes a long, smooth dip and straightens out for the little town of Darien. That bit of road is a tempting spot. Swinging around that gentle curve, the impulse to step on the gas is almost irresistible. And I notice in the papers that a good many people simply cannot resist it. They speed up. And the results are often disastrous. We have not as yet named that hill Death Corner. But we may. The fatalities already justify it.

There is nothing particularly unique about the endless line of cars that streams day and night along the Post Road. Almost everybody in America these days lives on a highway or is hurrying to get to one. The automobiles we drive, and the speed at which we drive them, are pretty good indications of the way we live.

We saw in our first chapter some of the things that modern science is doing for our world. When we stay at home there is a telephone and a radio to bring the voice of the world into our drawing room. When we travel we take to wheels or wings and, just to prove we can do it, cross the continent from sun-up to sun-down.

Having done so much with our hands and our minds, it is natural that we should be pretty proud of ourselves. We know so much that a good many of us have decided that we know everything. But even that is an open question. We have rigged up our world with a lot of gadgets, some of them wise and some of them foolish. But all of them put together do not prove that we are a success at making a new world. They only prove that we are clever at building gadgets.

Someone once asked John Ruskin if he did not think the development of steam trains was a sign that the world was getting better.

"Yes," said Ruskin, "if better people ride in them."

A few months ago I was in Soviet Russia. I visited a great factory where harvesting combines were being manufactured. The factory was having difficulty. Production had fallen off. Part of the plant was idle. I asked one of the heads of the factory to tell me just what had gone wrong.

"That's not hard," he said. "We imported a lot of first-rate machinery, but we didn't develop enough first-rate operators."

When I left Russia I flew from Moscow to Berlin, a fourteen-hour flight. There were only two other passengers on the plane. The door to the pilot's cockpit was open, and I could keep an eye on the large maze of dials and gauges and "ometers" of various sorts that make up the instrument board. Half way from Moscow to Koenigsberg, in East Prussia, a heavy fog blew in from the Baltic Sea. I watched the pilot as the clouds got thicker. He did not pay much attention to the instruments. But he kept an eye on the ground. The fog closed in and he reeled up the wireless aerial, cut down the speed of our three motors, and dropped down to within fifty feet of the treetops. And thus, with only an occasional glimpse of the forest below us, we limped along for two hours to the landing field.

"It must be a great satisfaction," I said to the pilot when I got my breath, "to have these instruments to go by in weather like this."

He waved his hand at the board. "The instruments are fine," he said; "we couldn't get along without them. They tell you a lot. But they don't tell you how to act. When you're in a tight place, it takes more than an instrument to get you out of it. That's where science leaves off and man begins."

It is a good thing to know that machines have their limitations. The world will not be much improved until we learn that fact. As things now stand, we are so proud of our mechanical toys that we are inclined to believe they possess some magical saving power in themselves. We think that two cars in every garage is a final answer to the needs of the world. Perhaps we would not admit that. But a good many of us act as though we believed it.

I once knew a young Chinese who had studied for several years in America. He left this country discouraged by what he called our worship of the machine. He included a lot of things under the head of machinery.

"You Americans," he said, "haven't any golden calves. But you've got other idols. You bow down and worship before the biggest factory, the tallest building, the fastest automobile. A creed for you would have to start with something about mass production and end up with praise for the cash surplus. I'll be glad to get back to China, where life is simpler and our gods less of a menace."

That Chinese missed a lot in American life. But he undoubtedly saw a lot also. He missed the fact that our machinery—some of it at least—has made life easier for multitudes of people. But he saw that, because machinery has done so much, the conclusion

seems to be widely held that it can do everything. And he, like John Ruskin, was ready to admit that a country on wheels is a better country—only if better people live in it.

I suppose there is no place in the world where worship of the machine has been carried so far as in Soviet Russia. The Soviets are training their young people to believe that all that is necessary to build a great nation is enough mechanical equipment. I visited a large children's home near Moscow. Despite the flood of light that streamed in from the windows the place was depressing. For here were children in training as priests and priestesses of the god of the machine. When I arrived one group of them were singing nursery rhymes in praise of Russia's new machinery. They chanted child-verses about the Five Year Plan, and they made together the noises of the various mechanisms which were being introduced to save the country. They shouted jingles about the Dnieperstroy Dam and the horsepower it will develop; the Gigant Collective Farm and the number of acres it will contain; the Nijni-Novogord factory and the number of tractors it will produce. And then, the singing over, they rushed out to play. Here were great wooden locomotives—Five Year Plan locomotives—that the children were called on to repair. Here were wooden blocks to make a factory which the children were

asked to build. Strewn all over the place were symbols of this new god which, with their songs, they worshipped, and which now with their hands they were expected to propitiate.

No one doubts that Russia needs machinery. Nor is there any doubt, I think, that in the long run the mechanization of Russia will lift the level of living of the Russian people. And that, if we believe in the more abundant life for all people, is an indispensable development. But I could not forget the comment of the communist who, with plenty of good machinery on his hands, was closing down his factory because of the shortage of operators. In the long run, the problem in Russia will yet be answered on the instrument board of the airplane. Some day a big fog will blow in, and when it comes Russia will discover that there are some tight places that cannot be escaped by the aid of instruments, that sooner or later science will leave off and man must begin. And then the question will be: What kind of man?

If we have raised men to worship the machine, the chances are that these men will be inclined to act like the machine. And somehow I do not think we ought to relish that prospect. For the world of the machine is made up of a good many things that we are oversupplied with already.

For one thing, the machine is impersonal. An engine

never has any close friends. Although factories are close together yet they are never very good neighbors. We build our perfect mechanisms today, and tomorrow we will call in the wreckers to make way for the more perfect mechanisms that have just been introduced. And during its lifetime a machine—with its quota of oil and repairs—goes about the same business in the same unchanging way, in season and out. If you do not believe that, make a visit some day to your nearest factory and watch the wheels go round. Or, better still, visit a newspaper plant and watch the presses—as fascinating machinery as man has ever built—print the papers, fold the pages and turn them out for you, ready to read. The most apparent fact about a machine is that it is impersonal.

There are a good many people who find that the way we live and think is just about as impersonal. In our scheme of things man too often is merely an insignificant unit that turns up on Saturday nights, along with a lot of other units, to get his pay. And that is often the case even after he rises in the scale until his job has become a position, after he has put on a white collar and is paid not in cash on Saturdays but by check twice a month. Most of the people of the United States, following on the trail of their machinery, have moved off the farm and into the city. There they have become unimportant items—lost in the total mass of

items. Even when they move out of a tenement and into an apartment, they are likely to stay lost. They live next door to lots of people, but they are neighbors to none of them. They are a part of a community, but there is no community spirit. Each person has his own particular groove, and he travels as regularly in it as a locomotive piston.

Machinery is not only impersonal, it is ruthless. I have a friend who owns a factory, and whenever he takes me through it his last words as we leave his office are, "Watch out." He has Safety First signs posted all over the place. But, in spite of all this, accidents do happen. A stamping machine does not stop merely because there is a man's hand instead of a piece of steel on the block. What is a man to a machine?

Some people raise the question about the vast machine that we call civilization. Life, like a stamping machine, roars on with scant regard for what may be in its way. Some business men, not all of them by any means, run their affairs on that principle. If, rushing toward success, they run into obstacles, there is only one thing to do. Crush them. If that process is painful, well, that is just too bad; but it is simply a question of crush or be crushed, eat or be eaten, the old law of tooth and claw, but particularly the new law of the machine.

International government seems to be run with the same ruthlessness. Perhaps the most tragic spectacle in our day is the picture of nations eagerly building up the machinery of war which they know will one day require the bodies of men for its feeding. When the machinery of war starts rolling, it is as ruthless as any stamping machine. Life, if it fails to get out of the way, is simply and speedily crushed. What is man to the machinery of war?

And the machine which is impersonal and ruthless is also selfish. Unselfishness is generally a matter of doing more than is expected. Machines never do that. They are built for one purpose and they fulfil no other. A machine never changes its mind or turns from its appointed task or lends a helping hand. The sum total of its existence is represented by the bit of steel it cuts, or the bit of yarn it weaves, or the amount of wheat it harvests.

And that, likewise, is a characteristic which seems to have been rather widely copied by people. I know a man who feeds cattle. He feeds them well, and manages to sell them at a top price—when there is one. Cattle make up his world, and he knows no other. He has never joined the church or contributed a penny to the county relief work. He gets up before daylight most of the year, and lives until dark with his steers. You could not get him interested in anything else any

more than you could get a McCormick combine to try its hand at weaving wool. Cattle mean money to this man, and money is the sum total of his existence. I once asked him why, with beef at good prices, he did not build a better home for his family.

"Why should I?" he asked. "This one's good enough. It gives us a place to eat and sleep, doesn't it?"

The only thing I could think of, after that answer, was the story Jesus once told of another selfish man who, having filled his barns with more than they could hold, decided he would tear down and build bigger ones. And it seemed to me that if Jesus were to meet this particular cattle-raiser he would say to him: "Thou fool, this day shall thy soul be required of thee."

It is safe to conclude that, although we need machinery, we do not want machine-made or machine-run people. In fact, the one kind of extra mechanical equipment that we might use would be more and better brakes. Most of us are going too fast. We need to slow down, take a good look at the world we are in, and ask ourselves or somebody else what road we are on and, in particular, where it's leading.

But the trouble with getting more brakes seems to be that there is a shortage of brake factories. The only difficulty with stopping is that we are not just sure to

whom or to what we ought to go for directions. Take business, for example. Business is the fastest moving machine of them all. The go-getter right now is not so popular as he once was because there is not much right now for him to go after and get. None the less, the go-getter spirit is far from extinct. No one would be likely to get any encouragement from modern high-pressure business to slow down. And the same applies to politics. Perhaps politics moves a bit more slowly than business. But it is just as mixed up on its direction. The same thing is true, in a sense, even of our schools. Schools are necessary institutions. They introduce us to the instrument boards with which our little cockpit of a world is equipped. And that is important. But while our schools tell us how to read the dials, they do not train us how to act in a crisis. They explain a lot that we need to know about our immediate surroundings, but they do not profess to tell us where we ought to go from here.

To do that is the major business of the church. It does not take any very exhaustive survey to make it plain that the church's business has not been transacted with entire satisfaction. We have had two thousand years of aggressive Christian preaching and one wonders how many more centuries—at the present rate of progress—will be required before the principles underlying that preaching are made operative.

The church, too often, has been side-tracked; it has fought sham battles; it has closed its eyes to major issues because it wanted to avoid the embarrassment of facing them. In fact, it has suffered and still suffers from the human limitations of the people who make it up. We, as individuals, have failed Christ because, while we have been ready enough to profess him, we have hesitated to put his message into literal operation.

Still, when the critics have had their say, the fact still remains that the church has kept the person and the program of Jesus before the World. It has offered him, even when it has not always been willing to follow him. And when you come down to cases, in terms of present-day problems, there is no avoiding the fact that the church, alone among social agencies, is the one that is trying with its spiritual program to get hold of people, slow them down a bit from the desperate, selfish pace they are traveling, and set them off again on the right track. Not all the churches are trying to substitute the ideals of Jesus for those of the machine. But many of them are trying hard, so that—if we choose Jesus—we will one day find that the choice ties us into the church and ties us up to its program. And if we think that program is inadequate then—from the inside—we have an opportunity to improve on it.

The world, in general, knew very little about, and

was not much concerned with, the natives of southeastern Alaska until a church mission board built the sturdy little sixty-three foot *S. S. Princeton*, commissioned the Rev. David Waggoner as its pilot, and sent him to carry the program of Jesus and the New Testament to them. And mighty few people ever heard very much about the Pima Indians—living on a flat mesa near the Gila River in Arizona—until Dr. Charles H. Cook and, later, Dirk Lay, decided that these people were persons in the eyes of God, and needed as much as any others to know about him. Similarly the church keeps track of the cranberry pickers of New Jersey and Cape Cod, the wandering harvest hands of the Middle West, the berry pickers and cannery workers —human driftwood they were—of the Pacific coast. The church at its best is always looking over some back fence to find that there are people there. It is always making expeditions to the folks "across the tracks." In season and out, it is at the business of remembering the world's forgotten men.

In all this, of course, the message that the church and its allied agencies bring is not that of the machine age. The trails it blazes to the remote corners of the world have no pots of gold at the end of them. The church invests a good many millions of dollars every year, and it pays dividends in people, not in dollars and cents. It sends out its representatives to the ends

of the earth and expects them to make good. It asks for a human instead of a cash return. If, therefore, we are to tie up to the program of Jesus it will mean that we inevitably tie up to the program of the church. The church not only preaches his gospel of love and unselfishness, but in a thousand places and ways it tries to put that preaching into practice.

Here is something more than an ideal. Here, very definitely, is a program. We can often wish that the church did more, but unless we get behind it the church cannot expand its field and its work. It is always looking for new ways and means of service, but it cannot fulfil its promise to these fields unless it is backed by workers. The church seeks to turn men from the worship of the machine to the worship of God, and to develop in them not a machine-likeness but a God-likeness. The world in fact has entered a race, a race between the way of life represented by the impersonalism and the ruthless selfishness of the machine, and the unselfishness and love of the human way of life for which Jesus stood. If Jesus' way of life is to win, the church will have to do the winning. For Jesus' program has no other entry.

4

The Kick-Back

SOMEWHERE right at this moment, in hobo jungles down by the tracks, hitch-hiking along a hundred highways, scuttling through railway yards, atop freight cars, or dead-heading it on the blind baggage, are between 200,000 and 300,000 American boys. For one reason or another they have taken to the road. Sooner or later some of them are likely to turn up in your town. A few days ago one of them turned up in mine. He met me on the street—a lad of perhaps sixteen. He was bareheaded and in overalls. His shoes indicated that he had done a lot of traveling, with more hiking than hitching. His eyes were red from lack of sleep. He looked tired and beaten as he slouched up to me.

"Mister," he said, "I haven't had any breakfast. Couldn't you spare me a quarter?"

"I'll buy your breakfast," I said. And we went around the corner together, ducked into a restaurant, climbed onto two stools at the counter, and then I watched him eat ham and eggs, coffee and rolls and, to top it off, a "stack of wheats" with maple syrup. I

had heard about sixteen-year-old appetites. But I had never seen one go into action on such a scale before.

After the disappearance of the last hot cake, we sat there at the counter and talked.

"Where are you from?" I asked him.

"Illinois."

"That's a long way."

"Don't I know it? It's a long way coming, and it's a longer way going back."

"Well," I said, "what's the idea, anyway?"

"Oh, things weren't getting anywhere at home. Dad lost the farm and I couldn't find any work, so I just thought I'd move on. I wanted to get some kick out of life."

"You ought to be getting it."

"I am," he said. "I'm getting a big kick—a big kick-back."

We started him off that day toward Illinois. I don't know whether he arrived or not. I've never heard from him since. But I haven't forgotten what he had to say about his search for a thrill. I haven't forgotten it because I've met and read about so many people whose big kick, like his, has turned out to be a big kick-back.

The day after I met this boy from Illinois our local newspaper carried the story of an automobile smash-up. The smash-up happened at about two a.m. One boy, not yet twenty, was killed; the other boy

and the two girls in the car were badly injured. The newspaper story told what had happened—but it left out certain essential details. When I asked a reporter friend what really happened, he answered, with an all-in-the-day's-work expression:

"Oh, just another wild party and too much gin!"

He might have added "just another case of the big kick that turned out to be a big kick-back." That dead boy and the three others in the hospital were just four among a large number of young people who are out to be thrilled. And, like most of the others, they've found out that the thrill does not last long, that the after effects, the hangover if you want to put it that way, may last forever.

Now most young people are ready to admit the truth of what I have just written. But they are unwilling to take the blame wholly on their own shoulders.

"We're fed all the time on the thrills of other people," one of them said to me. "It's not so strange if we start out, once in a while, to get a few for ourselves."

It wasn't hard to see what this young person was driving at. For one thing, she was driving at the movies. Our particular town boasts four movie houses—two of them of the first-class variety. I checked up on the attendance at these theaters and found that, on an average, approximately eight times more people go to

the movies each week in our town than go to church. And of this number a large proportion are young people. You would doubtless find that the same facts are true in the theaters of your own community.

Now, what is the diet of these moving-picture places? You might take a survey of the pictures that the young people of your church group have recently seen. You will probably find that these moving pictures specialize in thrills—other people's thrills. Gangsters, crooks and racketeers are familiar screen figures. Broken homes are commonplace screen themes. Violence of one sort or another is continually featured. And, as far as liquor is concerned, it seems to be the most commonly circulated of screen commodities. In fact, it is almost impossible to get a moving picture through the dinner coat and evening dress stage without having a butler come toddling in with a tray full of cocktails. Liquor in the movies has had all the glamor of Hollywood and high life added to it. And, as a result, a good many young people who get a thrill out of the sight of their moving-picture favorites, come, often unconsciously, to the conclusion that it's impossible to have any real standing in the world—let alone get any kick out of it—without being able to toss off a drink of hard liquor with considerable regularity.

And so you can credit the movies with a consider-

able responsibility for the thrill-seeking attitude of young people.

Then, in addition to the movies, we have the newspapers. With forty million papers rolling off the presses of the country every day, very few young people in the United States are entirely free from their influence. And that influence is about as bad as that of the movies. Of all the stories that might go on the front page, those that deal with corruption, crime and scandal get there more frequently than any other.

A study of forty-four of the leading newspapers of the United States recently brought out the fact that on the average fifty-nine per cent of the front-page space was devoted to sensation, sex, sob-stories, scandal, violence and crime. When, a few years ago, New York City uncovered a particularly unsavory murder case, New York's newspapers assigned one hundred and twenty reporters, photographers and special story writers to cover every angle of it. A New York paper carried as much as 18,000 words a day on this crime and its side-lights. And newspapers throughout the country kept the story for weeks on the front page.

The same policy is widely followed in regard to liquor. Every big city newspaper has a columnist—that is, a funny man whose business it is to produce wise-cracks and mix them in with observations about the world and what's in it. And the thing that a good

many columnists seem to mix best is the drinks. Their copy is as good as a national advertising campaign on behalf of liquor. They seem to receive wholesale backing from other departments of the paper. And to make sure that their influence is not too narrow, a good many of them syndicate their columns in smaller papers throughout the country.

If, therefore, young people are out for thrills of a dangerous sort, then the blame must be put on the newspapers, as well as on the movies, for having fed them on a thrill-getting diet.

But when you have blamed the movies and the newspapers for their full fault, it is still true that the whole outside responsibility has not been accounted for. Young people are influenced not only by what they see and read, but by the older people with whom they come in contact. And a good many older people are out as feverishly as the younger generation to get a kick out of life. A good many parents do not restrain their young people because they are not restrained themselves. A father who violates the prohibition law can hardly be too severe on his son who violates the traffic law. Adults who themselves go in for cocktail parties are not in a very good position to blame young people for trying to put on parties of the same kind. The strongest influence upon a young person to go out for the big kick very often has its source at some

point that is embarrassingly nearer home than Hollywood.

But it is plain, of course, that there is more to this problem than merely fixing the blame. The big question that young people have to answer is not, "Who's responsible?" but rather, "What's to be done about it?"

And when the last question comes up for consideration it soon becomes plain that a thrill is one of the inalienable rights of youth. It would have to be included in any declaration of independence that was written for young people. For "thrill" is simply the up-to-date way of saying the old word adventure. And when youth no longer wants adventure it will be a sad day for youth and a sad day for the world.

When real courage is needed, it is generally youth —stirred by the spirit of adventure—that answers the call. That has been true at every stage in the history of America. The Revolutionary War was a young man's movement, and the ideals set forth in that period for all the world were young men's ideals. The winning of the West, from the days of the Forty-niners and the prairie schooners, was a victory for youth. You go today into the less developed, less populated sections of the nation where life is still a bit hard and the outcome still a bit uncertain, and you will be told that "this is a young man's country." And it is. It is a

young man's country because young men, rather than old, are prepared to take chances, to run risks, to face gladly the adventure of the uncertain.

So this is not a question of thrills, but of the kind of thrills. It is not whether youth will go out in search of a kick. Youth can be counted upon to do that. It is, rather, whether youth will get its kick out of something that will be worth while, or out of something that will end up in a kick-back.

And the field for thrills looks pretty limited in our kind of world. There does not seem to be much pioneer country to be opened up. There do not seem to be any great crusades that are calling for volunteers. What is youth expected to do about it?

Well, it is my opinion that the young person who asks that question has not used his imagination very long or very hard. I believe that the world of 1933 to 1953—that will be the world of today's youth—will offer more opportunity for bigger and better thrills than any fifty years in a good many centuries. They will be thrills of a somewhat different sort, perhaps. But the difference will be all to the good. Now, there will be a good deal in the rest of this book about some of the really big and genuinely thrilling jobs that remain to be done. I am not going to discuss those jobs here. But I am going to introduce you to a few of the

people I know, young people most of them, who are already at work trying to get them done.

For example, I know a young woman who trained to be a nurse. But she was not content with an ordinary nursing job. She wanted a bigger kick out of life than that. She got it, too. I've just been reading her diary. It was sent back from her log cabin in the mountains of North Carolina. And it has as much of the adventure of pioneering in it as though she had written it seventy-five years ago en route with the prairie schooners across the plains of Kansas. In winter and summer, through all kinds of weather, she makes the round from Dutch Creek to Bailey's Camp and on to Clark's Creek and Valle Crucis. And she travels a trail of thrills, of children in need of inoculations, of typhoid epidemics that she is obliged to face single-handed, of clinics for undernourished babies. Amy Louise Fisher set out to be a nurse. She has become a Christian crusader. There is no shortage of thrills in her life.

Or, if you want to take a long jump, you can meet a young doctor out in Chungking in China. I knew this doctor when he was in college. He stands, I should say, a good six feet two inches in his socks. And he's built proportionately. That's why it used to be such a joy to see him in the line of our college football team. Well, after the World War, Max Gentry decided that

medicine, fine as it was in itself, could be used to open the door to an adventure that would make it even finer. It was this decision that brought him to Chungking. I have visited that city. It is a place of some eight hundred thousand population located about twelve hundred miles up the Yangtsze River, beyond the famous Yangtsze Gorges. It is about five hundred miles to the nearest railroad and just about that far from the rest of the equipment and conveniences that we call civilization. Chungking is a city that lacks a lot of things. But it doesn't lack adventure. Adventure of a sort that would match our movies and newspapers fairly streams through the doors into Dr. Gentry's hospital. It dogs his steps when he goes on a medical tour through the villages. His surgical instruments and his case of medicine are keys that have unlocked the doorway into a life that has more than one man's share of thrills. He gets a kick, plenty of it, out of living, but never a kick-back.

Again, to return to the United States, consider the story of Ralph Hall, who started out as a cowpuncher. He was a good cowpuncher before he got through, and today he can outride most of the best of them. But, somewhere along the road, Ralph Hall got a vision of what religion might do for the people who live in that vast and widely unpopulated state we call New Mexico. He had had plenty of thrills as a cowpuncher. But,

as he puts it himself, "I never really started adventuring until I turned missionary." Today the whole state is Ralph Hall's parish. And the more remote people are, the more he looks upon them as his parishioners. He practically lives on the trail—and more than once he has nearly died there. As a result of his ceaseless roving through the remote mountains and across the vast plateaus of New Mexico, he has been able to plant Sunday schools, establish new churches, and bring a bit more of the abundant life to these people of what is still, in many places, the old West. And there are thrills enough in the life of Ralph Hall to do credit to the old West.

Now these, obviously, are unusual people. We cannot all turn doctor and go to China as Max Gentry did. Neither can we all take up nursing and find our way into the Southern mountains with Amy Louise Fisher, nor, for that matter, get an assignment to cover the state of New Mexico with Ralph Hall. But when you come to figure it out, there is nothing geographical about the kick that these people are getting out of life. It is not a matter of location nearly as much as it is a matter of occupation. There is not much in common between the work of Max Gentry and Ralph Hall—at least not on the surface of things. One deals in surgical instruments and lives in China. The other deals in Bibles and Sunday school literature and lives in New

Mexico. But underneath the surface there is everything in common. It is from the same under-surface source that the adventures come for both of them. And it is altogether likely that right in your own community there is somebody who, without ever going anywhere, is getting adventure from the same source.

About the happiest man I know is one who has never been very far, geographically, but who has gone a long way toward an exciting life. He gets his big kick out of boys. He started the boys' club movement in his town, and organized the first sand-lot baseball league. He got busy with the city officials and managed to get some town land set aside for playgrounds. And I guess that there is hardly a boy—and especially a poor boy—in the whole town that does not know him and call by his first name. There is no shortage of adventure in life for him.

Can you imagine the movies taking pictures of real heroes and pioneers like Amy Louise Fisher in her Southern mountains, or Max Gentry in his distant Chinese field, or Ralph Hall amid his wide New Mexico parish? And yet these and countless others in a great adventure are risking life for their fellow men, sacrificing themselves for greater hazards than the fake situations of the movies. A day with any one of these pioneers in any part of the world, at home or abroad, is a thrilling experience and, above all, as

real as life itself. It is only the amount of enthusiasm and courage you put into an undertaking that you may expect to take out of it, and there are plenty of situations that challenge the youth of today. The days of pioneering are not through by a long way. In fact, today's young people—those of them who have courage enough—have a good many frontiers to cross, frontiers which are just as thrilling as, and probably more important than, those that are geographical.

There is the frontier of inter-racial understanding. The world will not be either a safe or a decent place to live in until some generation of young people makes up its mind that the old ideas of superiority and inferiority have to be destroyed, and a new relationship based upon mutual respect and goodwill established. That problem comes mighty close to us at home in the terms of the Negroes and Chinese, the Japanese, Mexicans and Indians, that we happen to meet. And because it comes so close to home its solution calls not only for imagination and the spirit of Christ, but for real, downright courage.

Then there is the frontier of poverty. Some authority has figured out that during the winter of 1932-33 nearly one person in every five in the United States was dependent upon public charity for food. Well, we do not need any authority to tell us that a lot of families in our own communities have not enough in their

pantries, and that some children—perhaps in the school that we attend—are under-nourished and underclothed. If today's younger generation has courage enough for a job as big as that, we should be able in the next fifty years to go a long way toward ending poverty. But that is a large order. Whoever undertakes to tackle it will find plenty of kick in a man-sized fight against selfishness and greed. But we shall never get far forward in building the right kind of world until somebody crosses that frontier and begins that fight.

Again, there's the frontier of war. The fight against fighting is no sham battle. Before it is finished and finally destroyed there will have to be a display of courage as fine as any that the battlefield has ever seen. For war is deeply intrenched. The war interests are powerful. And they are as ruthless as war itself. Still, one of these days, a generation of young people will come along with jaws that are square enough, and hearts that are strong enough, and ideals that are high enough to batter the world's war machine into scrap, and to give to the world's war-makers the kind of international trouncing that they have long deserved. Until we get pioneers willing to cross that frontier we shall never have a world that is permanently fit to live in.

And we might go on with a long list of other pioneering jobs that are waiting only for pioneers.

As I have already said, the matter of thrills that are worth while is not a question of location or of genius; it is chiefly a question of imagination and ideals. Jesus lived in one of the most insignificant corners of the Roman empire. Nobody in Rome paid much attention to Palestine, and very few people cared very much about the Palestinians. But, to Jesus, Palestine represented the whole world. The people there were not different, in his viewpoint, from the people in Rome or Carthage. They had the same selfishness that needed to be destroyed, and the same greed that needed to be fought against. There were in Jerusalem the same needy people whose bodies required healing, and whose spirits cried out for some uplifting influence. Jesus did not despise Palestine because of its limited opportunities for adventure. He was a native son of Palestine and he accepted it as a place where there was adequate room for all the adventure that a man could command. And Jesus lived there just as adventurously as he could have lived had he been born in a palace, the heir to Herod's throne, instead of in an obscure village, the son of humble working people.

The history of Christianity and the Christian church is filled with men and women who dared to brave the unknown in order to carry Jesus' message to the ends of the earth. But it is filled, likewise, with men and women who, with just as much bravery, carried on at

home. It is safe to say that if Jesus came back to your town tomorrow he would not object because it was small and insignificant, and forthwith look up a time-table for trains that would take him elsewhere. On the contrary, he would probably begin to discover things there that you had never seen. By the end of the first forty-eight hour period he would be engaged in important adventures of the kind to which he gave himself when he ministered in Galilee. Whoever believes that it is worth while to bring Jesus' ideal of an abundant life to the world will never lack excitement. Jesus' message, as we have already seen, is the most up-to-date thing in the world. The turning of that message into life is the most widely needed thing in the world. And any personal effort to do that is almost sure to experience the greatest and the most lasting thrill in the world.

5

Skins

I ONCE traveled down the coast of West Africa on a little coast-wise steamer. For twenty-five days we nosed our way in and out of forgotten ports all the way from Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, to Cape Town. About half-way down the length of this long continent we stopped at Loanda, capital city of Portugal's colony of Angola. Loanda is a place of yellow stucco houses, wide porches, oppressive heat and overgrowing tropical vegetation. It is a place where the white man works only a few hours every day and spends the rest of the time trying to keep cool. If there is anything very strenuous to be undertaken the Negro is called upon to undertake it. For a good many years he has been called upon, that way, by the white man. He may not like it especially. But there is nothing he can do about it.

A good many years ago Loanda was the center of the slave trade. Sailing vessels anchored in the harbor regularly to take aboard their cargoes. Slave agents, scattered through the bush, swept down unexpectedly

upon native villages, captured the likeliest young men and women, herded them together like animals, drove them into a seaport town where they were packed tight in the holds of these vessels and shipped away to the ends of the earth as human cattle for the white man's markets. One of these slave ships was particularly famous. It plied its hideous trade up to the very time that the traffic was finally prohibited by international agreement. It came to stand as a symbol of the horrors of the system of human slavery. Because her owners were pious Christians this good ship was called the *Jesus.*

The world has begun to see the terrible inconsistency in a Christian civilization that carried the name *Jesus* on its prow and enslaved men and women as its cargo. We are slowly getting to the place where we can see that a man is not necessarily Christian because he has been called a Christian; and that our social order is not necessarily pleasing to Jesus because it flies his banner at the mast-head. We have begun to look for the signs of Christianity in the hold. And the things we have found there have often had an evil smell, and contained more paganism than Christianity.

And there is probably no part of life where this is plainer than in this matter of races. Let a young man or a young woman whose skin is the "wrong" hue drop into our midst at a Sunday evening church serv-

ice, and with one accord we would begin to feel uncomfortable, to fidget, to look out of the corner of our eye and to get ourselves all primed with the question: "Well, can you beat that? Whoever let him in?"

The slave trade is pretty well stopped. Today, there are no more slave ships calling at Loanda. But we have not completely abandoned the slave-ship attitude. We still insist that the white man's place is on deck, in the sunshine, with the best food and the best stateroom at his disposal, and that the Negro or the Japanese, the Chinese or Mexican belongs in the hold. If he makes the mistake of trying to get up into first class for a breath of air we all join hands to "put him in his place."

Something is happening, not to the skins, but to the minds and hearts of the world's colored races. Today their world has changed. It is conscious of its own dignity and rights. Japan was forced to open its ports to the West and, adopting our western methods, has now taken her place as a powerful nation. China is not going to remain helpless before Japan's attacks, or the privileges held by the white races on her soil. India is clamoring to run her own affairs. Africa is stirring in her long sleep. And so the yellow and brown and black races are standing up to claim equal human rights and privileges. It is nowadays a sign of ignorance and ill breeding not to recognize these facts, to

say nothing of the more serious criticism of our boasted Christian civilization. The time has come to practise the whole of Christ's teaching towards the whole world, instead of picking only the parts we like and applying them to other parts of the human race.

There is a new spirit abroad in China. I talked a few days ago to a missionary just returned from his post in a South China district. His work took him, for long periods, into the country, away from even the few marks of modern civilization that are found in the city. Something had happened in these rural districts. Men and women, farmers and merchants and small artisans were suddenly waking up to discover China, to realize that it was their country, and to understand that they had been badly dealt with at the hands of other powers. Wherever this man stopped he was asked about the Japanese attack on Shanghai, he was questioned about the heroism of the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army in stopping the Japanese advances; and he was assured that sooner or later China would be strong enough to win justice for itself. In other words, four hundred and fifty million people are beginning to come to unity. When these four hundred and fifty millions agree about any single thing in our kind of world, it is too important a fact to be dismissed lightly.

And there is a new spirit abroad in India. It period-

ically finds demonstration in closed mills, boarded-up shops, shut-down stock exchanges and wide-spread civil disobedience. The Indian people—normally non-resistant and mild mannered—are making up their minds that non-resistance will not do. They are beginning to come together on a platform that calls for action. When three hundred and fifty million people—of whatever texture of skin—go into action in today's world, everyone else will be obliged to reckon with them. India, in short, does not like its inferior place in the white man's world, and does not propose to stay there.

And Africa is beginning to like its place no better. Down in the Union of South Africa the white masters of this so-called white man's territory are worried. In Johannesburg and Kimberley and other great industrial and mining centers, Negro labor unions have grown up almost overnight. They have begun to have an influence on the hundreds of thousands of Negro workmen. Young Africans, reading the propaganda and listening to propagandists' speeches, are less docile than they once were. They are beginning to organize, not for purposes of pleasant tea-parties and self-culture activities, but for serious determined effort to find the place on the deck of civilization that has been so long denied them.

And, whether we like to admit it or not, this is

serious. The time is rapidly approaching when, if we continue to sit on the hatch, we are likely to be blown up. The forces that we are trying to keep down are stronger than the force with which we are trying to keep them down. White skins in our world are in a minority. Two out of every three members of the human race are yellow or brown or black. The white one-third has up to now held a whip hand over the colored two-thirds. But that hand has carried more impressive weapons than a whip. Its whip has been of the modern kind: a rifle or a machine gun or a hand-grenade. Now, however, the non-white peoples of the world are reaching out for the same weapons. They are learning how to use them—as the long fight of the Chinese Nineteenth Route Army at Shanghai against the attacks of the Japanese well demonstrated. They will continue to grow in this kind of wisdom. And one day, if justice and fair play have been denied them, and other means fail, they will go out to get them by force.

So there is nothing academic or theoretical or remote about this question of skins. Moreover, you do not have to travel to Shanghai or to Johannesburg to run into it; America has a race problem on its hands that is just as pressing as any in the world.

We have, for example, the problem of the Negro. We have about twelve million Negroes—one Ameri-

can in every ten. These colored people are not here by choice. Their ancestors were brought here by force, in the holds of slave ships like that which I have described. For more than two hundred years they have helped to bear the white man's burdens. Today they are more American than African.

And increasingly the Negroes are acquitting themselves as we believe Americans should. Today they own 34,000 square miles of land, an area greater than that of five New England states: New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. That is one measure of the stride of the Negro in our land. In 1866, when the Negroes were freed, they owned 12,000 homes; today they own 750,000 homes. In that year they operated 20,000 farms. Today they operate 1,000,000. In 1866 they ran 2100 businesses. Today they run 70,000. Then they had accumulated $20,000,000 in wealth. Today Negro wealth amounts to $2,600,000,000.

At the time of his emancipation there were 15 schools for the higher education of the Negro; today there are 800. Then, 10 per cent of the Negro population could read and write; today 83.7 per cent can read and write. In all schools for Negroes there were then 600 teachers; today there are 56,000. The annual expenses for Negro education in that year were $700,000; today these expenditures are $61,700,000.

And there has been the same progress in religious activities. There were 700 Negro churches in 1866. Today there are 42,000. Then there were 1000 Sunday schools, with 50,000 pupils; now there are 36,000 Sunday schools with 2,150,000 pupils. Negro church property in 1866 was valued at $1,500,000, and there were 600,000 communicants. Today Negro church property is valued at $200,000,000 and there are 5,200,000 communicants.

In a recent issue of the *American Magazine* there is a thrilling story of Professor George W. Carver. Who is Professor Carver? Well, first of all he is a Negro—born of slave parents. In the second place, he is a scientist—one of the really great scientists of the country. Through his experimental work at Tuskegee Institute—a Negro college—he has won a national reputation in the field of food products. He has discovered, for one thing, more than 195 products that can be made from peanuts, and from sweet potatoes he has made substitutes for flour, dyes, tapioca, pickles, green ginger, rubber, molasses, ink and a variety of other things. Thomas Edison once asked Carver to come north and work in his laboratory, but he refused to give up his southern work. George Carver, a Negro and American, is one of the great assets of Southern agriculture.

And there is Meta Warwick Fuller. Miss Fuller,

now the wife of a prominent Negro physician, is a sculptress whose work was so outstanding as to win the praise of Rodin, the great sculptor of France. Henry Ossawa Tanner, son of a Methodist bishop, is the foremost American Negro painter of the day, whose "Raising of Lazarus" was recently purchased by the French government. There is Roland Hayes, whose annual concert tours through the United States are musical events of the first importance. And Paul Robeson, the famous actor and singer who is acclaimed here and in Europe. And Mary McLeod Bethune, president of Bethune-Cookman College at Daytona Beach, Florida, who has been called the woman Booker T. Washington. And Dr. Robert R. Moton, head of Tuskegee Institute, who is recognized as one of the really great educators of the day.

That is only the first paragraph in the list of distinguished Negro Americans. It might be extended almost indefinitely. But even this beginning ought to make it plain that the Negro in America is rapidly coming out of the hold of the ship of civilization. He is proving that it is not skins but what is under them that really matters. And his appeal to us is not for an intermixture. He does not want that, and he is increasingly proud of the fact that he is a Negro. His appeal, rather, is for a fair chance and an equal opportunity to make good.

It is not a mere coincidence that the church for a good many years has been trying to provide him with such an opportunity. If you were to go through the names of Negroes who have distinguished themselves and their race you would find that the overwhelming majority of them got their first chance in some church-run school. Immediately after the Civil War, the churches recognized that America's greatest race problem would never be solved by politics, but that it might be solved by religion. And the recognition of that fact led to the establishment of churches and hospitals and schools; in short it opened the door for Negro young men and women into a freedom which would be not merely legal, but economic, intellectual and spiritual.

I heard recently about the Fort Valley High and Industrial School at Fort Valley, Georgia. I would like to visit that place. It sounds to me like a small but mighty laboratory in which the race problem is being practically worked out. Fort Valley is located in a territory where there are 550,000 Negroes within a radius of seventy miles. First and foremost, this school goes in for character building—for the kind of character building that will prepare Negro men and women to be Christian leaders of their race in that community. But religion at Fort Valley is not dissociated from life. It leads, rather, to the kind of

training that will equip these young people for active, useful service. Every girl in the institution must learn to make her own clothes, to cook, to sew and to do housework. Graduates are given state teachers' certificates. In cooperation with the United States Department of Agriculture, a Negro graduate of the school covers four counties as a visiting agricultural expert. He is called a farm demonstration agent, and he demonstrates everything from the care of pigs to the selection of seed. Under his leadership, Negro farmers in these counties have been organized into farmers' clubs and their wives into homemakers' clubs. Farming and farm life is in the process of transformation in the vicinity of Fort Valley. In addition to this agricultural aid, the school sends out supervising teachers to help to increase the efficiency of the district schools; and a registered nurse is constantly on the road holding hygiene classes, giving lessons in sanitation, the care of babies and the prevention of disease.

Fort Valley is a vital, Christian answer to the race problem. It is an answer based upon the conviction that Jesus' plan for a more abundant life included the Negro, and that the church, as the agency for putting Jesus' plan into practice, has a first responsibility for opening the way to that abundance.

The churches of every denomination have estab-

lished "Fort Valleys" throughout the South. And yet the problem is still far from solved. Thirty-one per cent of the Negro children of school age are not in school. The schools that do exist are frequently undermanned. The average annual pay for a Negro school teacher is $458—just half that for white teachers. The amount we spend for Negro education, per person, is about one-fourth that spent, per person, for our white population. There are 281 counties in fourteen Southern states where there are no colored high schools, either public or private.

We have still a long road to travel before we have Christianized our attitude toward the Negro. This, we might as well admit, is not a peculiarly Southern attitude. It thrives apparently with the same ease in the North. The time has long since passed when lynchings took place only south of the Mason and Dixon line. The North does not have Jim Crow cars, which is probably due not to more liberalism but to the fact that there are fewer Negroes. The North does have, however, Jim Crow hotels, Jim Crow restaurants, Jim Crow schools, and, worst of all, some Jim Crow churches. Sixty years of work among the Negroes have helped that race forward in economics and in education; that work must be continued. But new enterprises need to be undertaken to help the white race forward in tolerance and understanding and goodwill. That is

a job that will not be done courageously unless youth undertakes to do it.

There is more to the race problem in the United States than the Negro. There are nearly a million and a half Mexicans residing on our side of the border or distributed throughout our Southwestern states. There are Orientals, some 320,000 of whom are settled in this country, chiefly in the Pacific Coast states. That number includes 120,000 Chinese, 140,000 Japanese and from 90,000 to 100,000 Filipinos. All these races, particularly the Japanese and Chinese, have been subjected to the same keep-off-the-deck treatment that has been given to the Negroes. There are Jim Crow hotels and restaurants and schools for them. Japanese and Chinese are forbidden, by fair means and foul, from owning real estate in certain sections of certain American cities. Even in the dormitories of certain Christian organizations they have been forbidden rooms. And today most of the hostility in Japan toward the United States finds its source in the hostile treatment which has been extended to the Japanese in this country.

Here, again, the church has been driving hard against race barriers. Although most of the Chinese and the Japanese in the country are Buddhists, Christianity has made steady progress among them. And whether it has converted them or not, the Christian church has kept constantly open the door of better

understanding. Throughout the West schools, churches and Sunday schools have been established and placed in the charge of the Japanese and Chinese leaders. In the wake of these activities, have come boys' clubs and girls' clubs, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, and a variety of organizations through which the young Chinese and Japanese are introduced not only to the best in American life but to the best in Christianity as well.

Somebody once said that of all the evils in the modern world that of race prejudice is the most terrible. To that, doubtless, the young people of other races who have shoved and elbowed and spurned would probably agree. Whether this race hate from which we suffer is the worst evil, or only one of the worst, is a major wrong that calls for righting.

In fact, race prejudice is probably the least Christian of all prejudices. It is recorded in the first chapter of Genesis that "God created man in his own image." The record does not read that he created the white men in his own image. There is no chance in the creation story to draw any color lines. When color lines are drawn the drawing is done not by God but by man. Now, unquestionably, the white race has a great many great things to its credit. It does not follow from that, however, that 2000 years hence the white race will be

making what are then considered to be the most valuable contributions to civilization.

I recall once leading a discussion of the race problem in a middle western university. Someone said that science has discovered that the brain weight of the average white man is something more than that of the average Negro. How, in view of this fact, can you expect us to treat the Negro in this Christian way that you are talking about?

I had to admit that I did not know anything about the measurements of science. But, granting they were correct, I was still unready to admit that they proved very much when I recalled the outstanding intellectual and cultural attainments of such Negroes as I have mentioned. I called to mind, however, that once in the African bush I had heard a great choir of natives sing as I had never heard people sing before. They were transported by their music. And so was I. It seemed to me that here was a gift that in the long run might be as valuable to the race as a little extra brain weight. And how was I to say that God, in his divine economy, placed a higher value upon additional headiness than upon the spiritual sensitiveness of these Africans as revealed in their singing? No, the question is not whether the African or the Indian or the Chinese can do everything in exactly the same way and as well as the white man. The question is whether the members

of these races have, in their own right, contributions to make to our progress that are fully as important and distinctive as any that the white man has been able to make.

There is, I think, some evidence that those contributions are already being made. If you were to make a study of the great men of today's world to discover those who represent the highest spiritual values, I am pretty sure you would come back with the names of two non-white men at the top of the list; Mahatma Gandhi, the prophet of the new India, and Toyohiko Kagawa, the spokesman for Christ to the poor of Japan. Gandhi and Kagawa are doing many things for their nations and for the world. Among other things, they are helping to wipe out the color line. Confronted with such personalities, race prejudice ceases to have even the semblance of reason behind it.

"Now," said one of the young women in the discussion in our church group when we got to this question, "there's not much good in trying to take Jesus and his gospel seriously on this question unless we are ready to do something about it."

And she promptly went back to the New Testament to prove what she was talking about. She pointed out that the Samaritans were the despised race of Jesus' day. The Jews, so the account read, had no dealings with the Samaritans. That meant that the Jews felt

that their place was on deck and the Samaritans' place was in the hold. And the chances are that in those days there were plenty of Jim Crow regulations to see that these inferior people were kept in their place.

"But," said the girl, "when Jesus wanted to paint a picture of a man who represented his ideals most perfectly, he picked a Samaritan for his subject. And that story pretty well illustrated Jesus' practices. He was always exerting himself on behalf of those who were most completely scorned by everybody else.

"If," she concluded, "we are what we profess to be —that is, his disciples—we'll start to act as he acted toward these outcasts."

There ought to be hearty agreement with that. And hearty agreement also on the further point that anybody who started out to act as Jesus might, in the matter of race relations, would have his hands full. Race prejudices are social dynamite, and nobody can tell when they will explode or when they will destroy. And yet the job is there, waiting to be done; waiting, in fact, until enough young people muster up enough courage to join hands with the church to do it.

6

Over the Back Fence

Two friends, a few weeks ago, called at my home for what they termed a conversational evening. We built a fire in the fireplace, drew up the deepest, softest chairs, and went at it. It was not long before our discussion of things in general—politics, prohibition, the depression—got around to a consideration of so-called foreigners. My two guests were what is known as bluebloods of old American stock. Their ancestors came over in the *Mayflower* or (judging from the vast number of people who claim to have immigrated at that time) in one of that imaginary fleet of vessels which must have sailed with her. Their names appear in that sacred book of the American élite, the Social Register, in which, of course, appear no names of the old Indian families who were, after all, the first families of America. My friends, in short, were Americans of an unmixed, untainted Anglo-Saxon strain.

Naturally, therefore, when we began to talk about foreigners, meaning foreign-born Americans and

their children born in the United States, they had some positive convictions.

"You'll have to admit," said the young lady, "that they are different—these foreigners. They have different ideas, different ideals. Why, even their heads are shaped differently!"

"Squareheads!" chimed in the young man.

"Yes, squareheads!" said the young lady. "For my part I wouldn't allow a son or daughter of mine to marry any person whose family had been in this country less than four generations. Imagine marrying a Swede!"

Well, that was getting pretty close home, though I did not say so. My own grandfather and grandmother had come from Sweden back in the sailing vessel days before the Civil War. They had been on the ocean eight weeks. Hurricanes and famine and cholera had been their lot. Once in the United States, they had gone by canal and lake boat to Chicago, and thence down to the great prairie lands of central Illinois. There they had joined a community of their fellow-Swedes in the back-breaking, hand-gnarling job of turning virgin soil into productive farmland. They had carried the job through to success. My grandfather started a bank in a near-by town. He was the main support of the little Methodist church, and held an important political office. I doubt if he had ever heard of the Social

Register. But he knew about the roll of Christian citizenship.

"On the day that my foot first touched American soil," he used to say, "on that day I became an American."

And he was an American—of the wilderness-subduing, empire-building variety—to the day of his death. For my part, I have always been proud of my Swedish ancestry. I am still proud of it, proud that there is immigrant blood in my veins. I never return to New York from a foreign voyage without recalling that fact. When approaching New York, the first land appears—the long, green shore of Long Island—I like to think that nearly a century ago these two young Swedes, with a world-conquering light in their eyes, looked out at that American horizon and knew that they had come at last to the Promised Land.

I mentioned some of this to my friends. They were apologetic, of course, in the best Social Register fashion. But I was pretty sure they had not revised their opinions. They probably regarded me as an exception, and I was glad that the shape of my head was not noticeably square. But the trouble with their point of view—like a number of view-points that are offered with such finality—was that it had its foundation in ignorance. They prided themselves upon being *Mayflower* immigrants, but denied any credit to the immi-

grants that have followed the *Mayflower*. They loved to talk, but on this particular theme they did not know what they were talking about. And, as a result, they simply aired their prejudices.

Unfortunately, prejudices like those of my friends are not confined to the little and insignificant company of people who have high social standing. They are widely held. There are too many people today who claim to have a copyright on American citizenship, but who are not doing much to fulfil their duties as American citizens. I heard a group of women not long since discussing the education of their children. With one accord they declared, "we wouldn't send our children to public schools under any circumstances." And, when somebody wanted to know why, the chorused reply was, "Why, don't you know? There are too many foreigners there."

And there, again, the shot came pretty close to home. For I had been educated in public schools and in no other. I had decided that my two girls, when they were of school age, would go to the little grade school about a block from my home. I knew that there were a good many children of immigrants there, mostly Italians. And that, it seemed to me, was a pretty good recommendation for the school. Up on the hill, about a mile and a half away, there is a very fine—some would say "high hat"—private school. It is sur-

rounded by a beautiful hedge and filled with the very beautiful children of the richest families. Nobody with a foreign accent or a dirty face ever gets past the gate. Obviously, said the women in the group, that was the place for my girls.

I felt that obviously it was not. In my opinion such a school is neither real life nor is it American. Life, I felt, is more than pleasant surroundings, and America more than the descendants of the *Mayflower* immigrants. In the long run what one makes of one's life is in part a matter of how one gets along with one's fellows. And what the next generation makes of America will be, in particular, a question of how my girls and the children of my neighbors manage to get along with that community of other Americans that lives at the foot of the hill or across the tracks. For my part, I am even ready to sacrifice a little of the academic prestige in order to get a little more of the deep understanding and fellowship that children learn when, unhampered by the queer notions of adults, they are able to make friends without first having to conduct a scientific inquiry into the roots, the branches and the fruit of the human family tree.

Now, young people will probably approve of these experiences and convictions. Most young people that I knew are in our local schools. At some time or other, each one has sat next to a boy or girl of immigrant

stock. Every one of them counts at least one person of foreign parentage as a good friend. And when it comes to setting forth the ability of these young people of foreign birth or ancestry, we discover to our surprise, and perhaps to our chagrin, that it is they who with persistent regularity carry off the prizes. In the last graduating class of my own town every award for scholarship was won by a boy or a girl whose name clearly stamped him as of foreign origin. As for sports—it was a plain walkaway. The football, basketball, and baseball teams were jammed with Marionos, Carpellis, Chernovitzes and Paraks. The hundred-percent, ten-generation Americans probably had a good share of the choice seats in the stadium, but it was the sons of the foreign-born who carried the ball and got the cheers.

A little further study makes it plain that in more important matters than football these foreigners have been significantly among those who have carried the ball. The first man killed in the Boston Massacre was Crispus Attucks, a Negro, who is commemorated by a monument on Boston Common. It was Haym Solomon, a Jew, who, when the tides were running against George Washington, extended the financial aid that helped to buy food and clothing for the Revolutionary soldiers and to open the way for victory.

At every important turning-point in our history,

down to the present, these sons and daughters of foreign soil have been out in the front among those who have sacrificed for the building of America. You have only to name a few to understand their significance. There was Jacob Riis, an immigrant Dane, who brought light into the city's slums and set new ideals before America for the treatment of its poor, and Professor Michael Pupin of Columbia University, a Serbian, who stands among the world's greatest scientists. Julius Rosenwald, a Jew, amassed a great fortune and then turned it to the uplifting of his fellow-Americans, particularly Negro Americans. Colonel Charles Lindbergh, American to the core, and the ideal of America's youth, is the son of Swedish immigrant parents.

The list might be lengthened indefinitely. Every section of the United States has felt the constructive influence of those who have come from foreign soil. Every industry of our national life has been built in part through their labor and leadership. Every branch of our government has had them among its distinguished servants. And the religious life of every great church in this land has been strengthened and vitalized by their contributions. There is no ground here for prejudice. There is only a chance for service; a challenge to see to it that the opportunity which has devel-

oped these great personalities in the past shall not be denied to their sons and daughters of the present.

There was a time when a steady stream of foreign-born immigrants poured into the United States out of the hold of every west-bound transatlantic vessel. They passed through Ellis Island—a strangely dressed, strange-talking company of people, loaded down with queerly assorted baggage—to find their way into the foreign settlements that lie over the back fence of most of the fair-sized communities of the land. There, for a time, while adopting our ways and speech, their picturesque foreign habits and manners seem strange to us. But the *Mayflower* immigrants in early days seemed just as strange to the Indians who are the only real Americans.

Foreign immigrants to the number of 1,218,480 entered the United States in 1914. Between 1910 and 1929 we admitted to this country something over ten million immigrants. During that period about three million returned to foreign soil. But in 1924 it was decided by Congress that there must be a more severe limitation upon immigration. Consequently, instead of 1,218,480, the number that came here in 1914, only 97,000 came in 1931. In the aggregate number of immigrants for the period 1920-1931, Germany heads the list with nearly six million, while Italy and Ireland follow with a little over four million and a

half each, and Poland closes the list with less than half a million.

There is no fixed limitation on our neighbors from Canada and Mexico; their numbers are subject to the judgment of the Bureau of Immigration. But all non-Asiatic countries are now on a quota basis. Great Britain and northern Ireland come first, with a yearly quota of 65,721; next, Germany with 25,957; and third, the Irish Free State with 17,853; the rest of the nations having quotas that diminish until they reach that of Switzerland which may send only 1,707 a year.

But, even though the number of immigrants coming to this country has been limited, there still remains a huge problem to be solved. Walk down to the back streets of almost any American city, large or small, and you will have a first-hand contact with that problem. Spend a day in the poverty-ridden homes of our steel workers or coal miners and you will come back with evidence that the people whom we are accustomed to meet over the back fence still need our help. It is no longer possible for them, like the early immigrants, to "go west," stake out a claim and, on a quarter section of rich farm land, rapidly establish their economic independence. The foreigner today is grist for the industrial mill. And, chiefly in our industrial communities, he becomes a major responsibility

for every Christian who believes in Jesus' doctrine of a more abundant life. The social gulf that yawns between the stock of the *Mayflower* immigrants and the stock of the more recent arrivals is a challenge to American Christianity.

This challenge, which is acute enough in ordinary times, is greatly intensified during a period of economic depression. If twenty million Americans were forced to live on public charity during the winter of 1932 and 1933, then it is safe to say that a large proportion of these starvation-stricken people were foreign-born or of foreign-born parentage. At such times there are always cold homes and empty stomachs and sickness and death over our back fences. A little story, told in the *Survey Graphic* by Gertrude Springer, is often duplicated across our country in these days of depression:

" 'My father's workin' and my mother wants ten cents worth o' sugar and there's the money.' A grubby little hand slapped the coin smartly on the counter. Having sought shelter from a sudden rain in the corner grocery across from the grey bulk of a cotton mill, I watched the transaction. The small customer trotted out with his purchase and the grocer turned to me. 'That's the first cash money I've seen from that family for six months,' he said. 'I've got $125 in their store book. Don't know when I'll get it. Fact is I

don't know how they and a lot like them get by. Eleven of 'em and nobody working since last fall.'"

It doesn't take much imagination to get the point of view of these foreign-born immigrants who live across our back fence. Men and women as yet unable to talk our language fluently, not quite understanding what they should do, fearful lest they do the wrong thing, will wait through these months to be sought out by someone who understands their need and is prepared to make an effort to meet it. The social isolation and loneliness of these foreign-born families often becomes bitter as they watch their children going to school, readily learning the new language and adopting the new customs, and becoming critical of their elders who lack the same opportunities.

Here is where the church steps in. That is, here is where the church ought to step in. In Christianity's textbooks, and notably in the New Testament, the forgotten man, with his wife and his children, is of first concern. In the practice of Christians, however, these families have not always been of first concern. Too often they have not been of any serious concern at all.

I could go across the world with you into remote foreign fields and point out notable places where Christianity is at work to reach people who live on the outskirts of society. And when you have returned home from this inspiring tour, you should be equally

thrilled at the amount of work that remains to be done in your own neighborhood. But the thrill should not last too long or be too final. The church stands to be judged, not in terms of whether it has done a great deal, but whether it is doing all that it should. On such a basis there is cause for doubt and uncertainty.

The joy that you may have at the number of forgotten people whom the church reaches at home or abroad, ought to be severely tempered with sadness because of the vastly greater number that it fails to reach. And there are plenty of churches, just as there are plenty of Christians, on whose conscience the forgotten man simply does not rest heavily enough to be noticed. The church will never measure up to the things it preaches, or win the support of many who now ignore it, until the individual in need becomes a burden upon the heart of the Christian who has the resources with which to help.

If I offer some illustrations, therefore, do not generalize from them. Simply determine that this is the sort of thing that must be made more widespread.

For example, there is the story of the million and a half Mexicans in the United States. Most of them are in California and the states of the Southwest. In addition to Mexicans there are over a half-million other Spanish-speaking people in our country. The church in America has begun to reach this vast community,

not enough to solve all its problems, by any means, but enough to open a significant way toward their solution.

In a southern California city a few years ago a deputy sheriff was sent one night into the Mexican quarter to quell a disturbance. While there, he was murdered. Immediately the city was in an uproar. It looked for a time like mob violence and a general assault upon the Mexican colony. In the end, sanity was restored. Whereupon the church leaders of the town declared that these Mexicans, long neglected, were a church responsibility. The different denominations pooled their resources, established a Mexican mission, gathered the Mexican children into a Sunday school, started a nursery, held adult classes for parents and set about to provide practical leadership of the sort that would transform the community by transforming its occupants. Today there is a new manner of life in the Mexican quarter, and a new spirit of fellowship between that quarter and the upper end of town. Christianity has been given a chance to work, and it has worked.

And all up and down across New Mexico, Arizona and southern California, representatives of the churches are weaving practical goodwill into the lives of the Spanish-speaking peoples. At Cubero, in New Mexico, one of the churches has established a

base hospital from which nurses and doctors serve a wide territory. Medical equipment includes a hospital truck which, year in and year out, is on the trail of remote families in need. At Albuquerque, New Mexico, Rio Grande Institute, a church institution, takes the children of the Spanish-speaking peoples of a vast territory, and trains them not only in the handicrafts useful for a livelihood but in the ideals necessary for Christian citizenship.

Today as our cities expand they often grow away from our churches, or—more to the point—the churches frequently fail to keep contact with the growing cities. Foreign-born people have moved into what was once the "fashionable" districts and the so-called "fashionable" people have moved to the suburbs. And the result can be either a tragedy or a triumph. Some churches close down, sell out and follow the old crowd. Other churches take inventory of their new neighbors, discover their needs and determine that here, perhaps, is a field for greater usefulness. Following this latter course, some of the great Christian jobs that are now being done are within the remodelled and remade interiors of these "downtown" churches.

In Los Angeles a wealthy downtown church discovered that it had been surrounded by the increasing Spanish-speaking settlement of that city. Instead of

moving away from this new constituency, it revolutionized its program in order to serve the constituency. Now there is a seven-day-a-week program that includes clubs, night classes, adult training, clinics, as well as Sunday worship and Sunday school activities.

In short, the church has begun to assume responsibility for America's foreign-born people. The church has begun to reach over the back fence. It has demonstrated that the gospel of the abundant life is not an exclusive blessing, but that it is primarily for those to whom such a life seems most remote.

In Boston I have repeatedly visited the Church of All Nations. The life that streams through that church and is organized into its worship services, its classes, and its clubs, is a cross section of the life of many lands. At the Church of All Nations the world passes by in daily review. There is another somewhat similar Church of All Nations in Los Angeles. Sixty thousand people from forty-two nations live within a few blocks of this center of Christian service. The community building is dedicated to "the service of men, women and children of every nation, to the truth that shall ultimately free mankind to the faith that rests in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man." It houses an educational department, a children's department, and a nursery. Near by is the clinic building which treats twenty thousand patients a year, and be-

tween the two buildings is the chapel, on the corner of which is a bronze tablet with the inscription, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations—to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

It is work of this same sort that is reaching into the lives of many thousands of other Americans who live over the back fence. In Pennsylvania, for example, there are many Slovak communities. It is in one of these communities that John Kocerha carries on his work. John Kocerha, himself a Slovak, came to this country when he was sixteen. For a long time after his arrival he was lost in the mass of people that surged from the tenement to the mill and back to the tenement again. Later, however, he met a church mission worker and the direction of his life was changed. He determined that he would get an education. He did. He worked his way through Oberlin College, and on graduation returned to give his life to the community from which he had come. Today, in a mill district on the outskirts of Pittsburgh, John Kocerha is preacher, teacher, economic adviser and medical assistant to a great Slovak community.

Throughout the industrial areas of the country where the foreign-born population is large, one of our great church bodies has undertaken to introduce these strangers directly into American religious and

family life. Many parishes seek out foreign-born Americans, invite them into the activities of an English-speaking church, and thus relate them to American life at its best. "An American friend for every foreign-born American" is the objective of this work.

Another one of the large denominations has made such practice a part of its nation-wide program. It has accepted personal friendship between older and newer Americans as a basis for an interpretation of America and for a demonstration of Christianity. This church has published suitable material for help in instruction in English, with suggestions as to the manner of its presentation. A whole program of practical help has been worked out: baby care, cooking, sewing, Big Brother groups. Homes are opened to these newly arrived Americans. They are invited to vacation schools and given places of honor in regular Sunday schools. In every way, here is a program designed to prove the practical use of friendliness as a bridge between the foreign-born in our midst and ourselves.

Here, too, illustrations might be multiplied. The church is hampered by a lack of resources and often by a lack of interest. But it is none the less eternally on the job. It is the most active agency working on the other side of America's back fences, going to these strangers in our midst to offer its message of good-

will and fellowship, and asking nothing in return for its practical service.

Behind this widespread seven-day-and-night-a-week activity is the conviction that there should be no back fences at all; that the lines which divide people on the ground of language and clothes and head-shapes are unchristian and must, if the Christian program is to succeed, be eventually wiped out. It is apparent that this program cannot be accomplished from the top downwards. The great leaders of our churches may preach brotherhood from all the pulpits of the nation, but brotherhood will never come until we in the pews begin to practise it in the communities of all the nations. The Good Samaritan has come down in history as a great ideal, not only because he had a sympathetic heart but because he kept his eyes open. He found his great opportunity at the side of the road by which he was traveling.

If we believe that Good Samaritanism is also good Christianity, we will do more than declare our sympathy. We will open our eyes. And with our eyes open we will probably discover that this business of bringing a more abundant life does not need to wait until we have moved somewhere else, or preached in some place of great influence. There is need for the building of that life along the road that runs through our town, and on the other side of our back fences.

7

Slackers

IT WAS near election time. The news sections of the papers were filled with columns of political speeches, and the rotogravure sections with pictures of politicians' faces. There were daily editorials, for and against the candidates. The radio at all hours of the day and night blared forth admonitions to vote for this, against that. All the nation's soapboxes seemed to be in use. And the nation's mind, as a result, was in a state of great confusion.

We had set aside the Sunday night before election in our young people's group to talk about politics. Specifically, we were to discuss the church in politics. Somebody had brought along an editorial from the newspaper of a nearby town, which we promptly accepted as a text for our gathering.

"Now that we are about to have an election," said the editorial, "we are once more obliged to witness the activities of the church in politics. Ignoring the Constitution of the United States, which guarantees the separation of church and state, a good many preachers

have gone on the political warpath; they have turned their pulpits into electioneering platforms, and involved their churches in a lot of issues from which churches should keep their hands off. The country can do its voting without the help of either preachers or churches. They, we think, would do better to preach 'the good old gospel.' "

And it was soon clear that some of the members of our discussion group thought that a pretty good editorial. They felt that the church's business was religion, and that religion was something a long way from politics. They felt that politics was associated with mud-slinging and whispering campaigns, whereas religion was exclusively concerned with high and holy things. The two, said they, ought never to mix. And if they did mix, religion would be likely to come off scarred, stained and disfigured.

That, of course, was not the majority point of view. The majority point of view, in fact, seemed to be one of uncertainty. Almost everybody agreed that religion should not be dragged down to the level of politics. But everybody also agreed that it would be a mighty good thing if politics could be dragged up a bit toward the level of "the good old gospel." Before we got through we went back, as we usually did, to the Bible. It occurred to us that we might find some pretty good advice and some pretty sound principles to guide us.

And, before we had gone very far, we made the interesting discovery that—so far as the Bible is concerned—religion has almost always had a hand in politics. We found one story in the life of King Ahab that pretty well illustrates this point. The story concerned the vineyard of an otherwise unknown Jew by the name of Naboth. Naboth's little vineyard adjoined the property of the king. And the king, wanting to expand a bit, looked over his garden wall, saw the vineyard of Naboth, and desired to annex it. He thought it would be an excellent addition to the park system of Samaria. He went, therefore, to Naboth and made a very good offer for the land. But Naboth refused to sell. The vineyard, Naboth said, had been in his family for generations. And the king, knowing how attached a Jew was to his ancestral land, went back to his palace very much discouraged.

At this point, so the story goes, Jezebel, the king's wife, took a hand. She suggested that Ahab let her handle Naboth, which he did. Jezebel settled things by murder, and the king promptly appropriated the vineyard. But the king had reckoned without the prophet Elijah. Elijah had meddled before in the king's business, and had been dubbed in consequence "the troubler of Israel." When Elijah heard what had happened to Naboth he went at once to the king, condemned the wrong he had done, and pointed out that

at the point where righteousness was involved religion also became involved. War was promptly declared between the two, a war which in the end cost Ahab his throne and Jezebel her life.

Now, Elijah, doubtless, was advised by Ahab's political advisers to keep out of politics, to stick to the good old gospel; to avoid besmirching religion by contact with such worldly matters. Elijah obviously had not chosen to enter the controversy. But when right and wrong were involved he could not keep out. Ahab doubtless knew a lot more than Elijah about Samaria's need for parks. Parks, as the king might have pointed out, were not a priestly specialty. It was better to leave those matters to the folks who know. But Elijah claimed to know a lot more than Ahab about the will of Jehovah. And the land-grabbing tactics of Ahab were therefore Elijah's problem.

It is an interesting fact that all of the great prophetic characters of the Old Testament acted as Elijah did. They did not choose to go into politics, to meddle with government, to threaten rulers. But, when politics or the acts of governments or rulers involved questions of righteousness, they did not hesitate. There was Amos, for example. Appointed as Jehovah's spokesman, Amos went straight to the city of Bethel, which was a center of political, economic and religious corruption. Amos stood on Bethel's street corners and

declared that the time had come to clean house. Jeroboam the king and his advisers immediately got busy. They told Amos he had better move to Judah and do his prophesying there. "Bethel," they said, "is the king's sanctuary, and it is a royal house." In other words, if you want to talk about worldly matters, do it in a place where you will not be overheard. Better keep away from Congress and the polling booths. But Amos, like Jeremiah and Isaiah who followed him, refused to be frightened. Righteousness was at stake and, because of that fact, religion was involved.

Jesus preached a similar doctrine. His message was disturbing to the Roman authorities because it aroused the people, not about some far-off divine event, but about the necessity for the establishment of righteousness in the here and now. It was fear for the political and economic results of what Jesus had to say that led the high priest to declare: "He stirs up the people, teaching them throughout all Judea, beginning from Galilee and coming even here." That last "even here" is important. As in the case of Amos, the men in authority would not have objected to Jesus if Jesus had not brought his message close to them. And it was because he got down to specific cases, talked in terms of immediate problems, insisted upon the possibility of a kingdom of righteousness in the world of the present, that he was finally crucified.

This insistence upon the idea that religion should concern practical matters has come right down through the history of the Christian church. It appeared in the first and second centuries, when Christians rejected the political religion of Rome, refused to worship the emperor or bear arms in his service, and were fed to the lions for their stubbornness. It found expression in the fifth century in St. Augustine's famous description of the City of God; "True justice has no existence save in that republic whose founder and ruler is Christ." It was the same ideal that led John Calvin to establish his religious republic in the Swiss city of Geneva. American history has been full of prophets of that kind, from Roger Williams, who rejected the doctrine of government by divine right, down through Phillips Brooks and Henry Ward Beecher who took the slavery issue into the pulpit and followed it into politics. There were Charles H. Parkhurst, warrior against crime and corruption, whose fighting overthrew at least one Tammany administration in New York City, and the host of other preachers who through the last two generations fought the liquor traffic, and, more recently, have carried forward the fight against war. It was because of this significant history that Lord Bryce, the famous British historian, once declared that "religion is the strongest force by which governments have been affected."

Clearly, therefore, the church should stay out of politics as long as politics stays away from moral issues. But, since politics has always raised moral issues—that is, questions of right and wrong—and probably always will, the church, doubtless, will never cease to speak its prophetic mind. The good old gospel is one that is concerned with righteousness and dedicated to the establishment of an abundant life in the immediate present. Whenever politics involves that abundant life, then politics comes within the scope of religion.

Immediately the question arises as to whether or not morals and righteousness and the abundant life are involved in politics at present. They are, I think, in several particulars. In the first place, politics has a direct bearing upon such economic problems as wages, hours and conditions of work, child labor, and women in industry. And these are moral matters.

Because they are moral matters the question of the church's relation to them is not merely one of right; it is one of obligation. On the day that the church refuses, longer, to raise its voice—feebly though it is now sometimes raised—in regard to such issues, on that day it will have taken a long step toward an abandonment of the gospel of the more abundant life.

The same obligation is just as inescapable in regard to international relations. If it is a Christian challenge

to make goodwill the test of our relationships with each other in our local communities, it is just as much a challenge to make it a test in our relationships in that somewhat wider community we call the world. We and the folks who live next door do not settle our disputes by fighting. That, we say, is not Christian. One of these days, on the same grounds, our nation and those next door will say the same thing about international strife. Until we do the church, unless it proposes to surrender its message, needs to make world peace a major item on its program. And this item we will discuss in the next chapter.

Finally, however, we come to a problem that cannot be postponed. That is the question of crime, corruption and law breaking. Here is a political issue that, first and foremost, is a moral and religious issue. Moreover, it is not something remote. On the contrary it reaches out of the cities of the land into the small towns, and into our most remote rural communities. Colonel Lindbergh lived in a very remote and secluded spot, and yet the lawless arm of gangdom reached into his home.

A long time ago, one of the founders of this nation pointed out that the country eventually might be in for the kind of unbridled crime that we are experiencing today. Thomas Jefferson, in the early days of the republic, declared that American institutions would

be safe so long as the American people continued to live in the country districts. During the last hundred years, however, we have grown increasingly unwilling to continue to live in the country. The city has called us. Consequently vast numbers of us have packed up bag and baggage, left the farm and moved into town. The result is that now, for the first time in our history, more than half the population of the country lives in urban centers. And Thomas Jefferson's prophecy has begun to come true. American institutions are suffering because of our move.

In the early days of the country, it was in the town meeting that the people learned the methods of democratic self-government. Towns were well governed, and almost everybody felt a personal responsibility in making certain that they should be so governed. But, as the towns grew into cities, this personal responsibility decreased. There were too many people to assemble in one hall to decide the community's problems. Consequently authority was delegated to committees, to party organizations, to little groups of individuals who had some special stake in the government. And Mr. Average Citizen and his wife began to be indifferent. They no longer had any town meeting to attend, and they heard little about the business of running the community—except when it came time to pay the taxes. In an increasing number of cases they

did not even take the trouble to vote. And the management of affairs, therefore, fell into the hands of unscrupulous men whose aim it was to manage affairs in their own interest and for their own profit. This development opened the door of opportunity for the nation's Tammany Halls.

And I have purposely used Tammany Hall in the plural. For it is not only New York City that is afflicted with such an evil organization. I once lived in a fair-sized city in the Middle West. This town had a cowboy mayor. He was put in the office by the town's political boss—a man who managed the liquor traffic, collected dues from the dives, and got a rake-off from the gambling halls. And the mayor, who was reelected year after year, stayed in power because he let the boss have his own way. Ours was a wide open town. And our miniature Tammany Hall prospered.

It was not that we lacked decent people in our town to oust this crowd of crooks. The trouble was that the decent people did not care. A lot of them said they cared; they were righteously indignant and exceedingly vocal. But when it came right down to doing anything, they seldom delivered the goods. Vast numbers of them did not even vote. The boss's crowd, of course, always voted—early and often. They had a stake in the elections and they knew it. But when some preacher got up courage enough to declare that the gang should

be ousted, he was accused of taking politics into the pulpit, and told to stick to the good old gospel. As if honest voting, the destruction of liquor, the driving out of gambling dens, the abolition of the dives and the establishment of decency were not the good old gospel!

And right now, for the first time in the thirty years that this boss has run that town, he has been caught. The people at last have shaken themselves from their indifference. The leader of the little Tammany Hall in my old home town is probably headed for the penitentiary. But it has taken thirty years to make that much progress, simply because the decent, average citizens would not get together.

Our problem—and the problem of most communities—was the problem of slackers; of individuals who were too un-American to vote. The vote slacker is a far greater danger to our country than the war slacker ever was. And the worst of it is, of course, that the vote slackers are more frequently found among our so-called well educated, decent, church-going, and prosperous people. I have stood at the polls on election day and watched the stream of citizens going in to vote. The boss's crowd—many of them foreigners who are not fully aware of what they are doing—form in a long line through the day. The "high hat" citizens of the town, the folks who boast of their American

blood and perhaps their colonial ancestry and scorn to mix with and give the foreigners better ideals, very often do not turn up at all. They are off playing golf or enjoying the holiday in some other fashion. And the result is that the gang has its way, and crime, corruption and lawlessness naturally follow.

Obviously, this is a challenge to the church. If righteousness is worth while, it is most worth while at home. If it has any significance for ourselves as individuals and for our families, then it has the same significance for the life of our communities. And the church has not only the right, but the definite obligation to preach a gospel of good citizenship. It should make that gospel specific in terms of personal and active participation in the various activities by which good citizenship can lead to good, clean government.

But there is another and perhaps even more personal aspect to this problem of crime, lawlessness and government. A lot of so-called respectable people not only refuse to do what they can to stop it, but themselves set a law-breaking example. I have seen a company of men sitting around the nineteenth hole—their gin bottles in front of them—deploring the widespread lawlessness from which we are suffering. That would be funny if it were not tragic. The nineteenth hole is no vantage point from which to bemoan rackets

and gangsters. It is the nineteenth hole that is partly responsible for them. And if liquor is too large a factor in current lawlessness, as it is and always has been, then we can thank the lawlessness of so-called respectable people for that fact. If a liquor racketeer's war breaks out tonight on New York's lower East Side, you may depend upon it that the trouble started over an argument as to who was to deliver the booze to Park Avenue or some other high-class residential district. The liquor gangster is running his business with money supplied by otherwise substantial and respectable citizens.

And these same substantial citizens, it should be noted, are probably making trouble for themselves. Well, they should not complain if the lawlessness, which they have helped to thrive, some day strikes back at them. Here, for example, is a true story that indicates just what I mean. A manufacturer, a few weeks ago, came to his office to discover that he had a strike on his hands. He was infuriated. He called in his lawyer.

"I won't stand for this," said the industrialist; "these men have no right to strike. This is my business and I'll run it my own way. I want you to put the law on these fellows. Every last measure that can be applied to them I want applied and enforced. I'll teach

them that they can't defy the law that protects my property."

He mopped his forehead; reached into a drawer in his desk, pulled out a bottle of whisky and two glasses.

"Before we go on," he said, "we'd better cool off a bit. This will help."

But his lawyer was logical and honest.

"I see," he said, "you're interested in the law only if it pleases you. You break it if it doesn't. Well, that's exactly the basis on which your men are operating."

These slackers who pride themselves on their social standing are, by breaking the law, an admirable example for the nation's underworld. They are making law observance a matter of personal choice. That is, they propose to obey only the laws that do not interfere with their own selfish tastes and desires. Outlaws have operated on that basis from the beginning of time. And a lot of other people are likely to operate on that slacker basis in the future. Some people who are hard-pressed in these times of economic distress do not like the laws protecting property. They are likely to choose to break them. Well, there is a good bit more to be said for the man who breaks our property laws in order to succor his family than for the man who breaks our liquor laws to satisfy his habit.

But this brings lawlessness pretty close to home. It

makes lawlessness a matter of personal responsibility. And it puts it up to the church. There are differences of opinion about the Eighteenth Amendment. There can be no differences of opinion among good Americans on the matter of law observance. And the church that fails to speak out on this issue, and the church members that refuse to set a law-abiding example in this situation are by their silence and their actions conspiring with the forces of unrighteousness.

And that, in brief, is the kind of answer that ought to be framed for the editorial which I quoted at the beginning of this chapter. We do not expect our minister to run for office, and we do not propose that our congregation should endorse one party as against another. But there are always political issues that involve questions of right and wrong and which concern the program of the Christian church for the establishment of an abundant life for all mankind. Confronting an evil that must be fought, the churches should lay aside differences of creed and unite for action. Whenever such issues come to the front the church cannot be content to stay in the rear.

Religion may be a long way from politics, but that is only when politics are a long way from social morality. Moreover, politics would be the loser if the churches surrendered their right to bring political actions under moral scrutiny, and ceased their efforts

to shape policies and institutions according to Christian ideals. And the churches would be the losers if they ceased their active concern for the development of a more Christian social and political order, and abandoned their belief that society, as well as man, stands in need of redemption.

8

Blood and Bugles

IT WAS an unusual moment in Geneva, the famous Swiss city where such moments are frequent. The statesmen of the world—European, American, Asiatic—were gathered in the great grey-tinted barn of a room that houses international conferences at the League of Nations. The tiers of seats reserved for journalists in the rear of the room were packed up to the last seat of the last row. In a large room off the main corridor long rows of typewriters were uncovered and copy paper was put in place; in a nearby office telegraph operators had cleared the wires that would take a flood of stories by cable and radio to the ends of the earth.

Back in the conference room Arthur Henderson—former Methodist local preacher who had risen from a boyhood spent as an iron worker to a place among the first-rank statesmen of the world—raised his gavel and, as permanent chairman, called the meeting to order. Never before in the history of nations had so many representatives of so many peoples met together

to face the problem of ending war by disarmament. And behind these statesmen was a world opinion more effectively mobilized in the interests of peace than ever before. On a great expanse of tables at one side of the room there was piled a small mountain of petitions. These petitions carried the names of more than eight million women of all nations demanding that the conference bring constructive results.

In the dignified assembly of important diplomats who sat on the platform was a man who obviously seemed out of place. For one thing, he was young. He was not bald and his hair was not grey. He wore no cutaway, and his collar and necktie were of the American undergraduate variety.

He might have been a page or a secretary. But he was neither. He was, in fact, Jimmy Green—student at Yale—who was on hand to speak for world peace to the world's peace makers as representative of the world's youth. His job was to say something about war on behalf of those who have to do the fighting.

Said Jimmy Green, his knees trembling but his voice steady:

"I should hardly be speaking with the candor of the New World did I not discuss some of the questions which constantly are being debated in every dormitory, club and fraternity house in America and Eng-

land. We never cease to ask, 'Were those ten million young men, who loved life as wholeheartedly as ourselves, the victims of an illusion when they fell to earth only a few years ago? Must the insanity known as war be repeated within our generation at the cost of *our* lives? Most important, what is to be our answer to the government in case of mobilization for war?' "

He slowed down a bit. The audience of the men who help to run the world stirred, leaned forward and listened:

"After contemplating the events preceding the catastrophe of 1914, we remain unconvinced of the wisdom of our predecessors. Fourteen years after the Armistice, the glamor and heroism of that period fails to impress us, even when inscribed in gilt on stone memorials. The swords have lost their brilliance, the helmets and shiny buttons are tarnished. In fact, the whole glorious temple of Mars has crumbled into ashes. We respect the noble war dead; but we question the judgment of those responsible for their death."

And on he went to his conclusion.

"The other speakers have much at stake; we students have even more, for literally we are fighting for our lives. I stand before you as attorney for the defense, pleading for a reprieve. It is my generation which will be called upon to surrender all we consider

worth while in life in order to become targets for machine-gun bullets and victims for the latest poison gas. It is the young men and women of my age who will be commanded to commit suicide. It is my generation which will be requested to destroy the best of human culture, perhaps civilization itself, for causes which future historians will discover to be erroneous, if not utterly stupid or actually vicious. We have thus lost interest in being prepared for cannon fodder.

"In a sense, I am presenting an ultimatum rather than a petition. The students whom I represent are watching critically every action of this conference. For behind your deliberations stands staring down at us the spectre of death. We desire to live and to live at peace. We desire to construct a world society providing freedom, equal opportunity and a sense of security. We desire to make possible for every human being a development of personality in terms of the highest human and spiritual values we know. Those of us who have retained a concept of a loving and purposeful God desire to live, in peace, lives which will reflect that concept. We, therefore, petition you for a substantial reduction in armaments, in order that we may have a civilization in which to forward this creative purpose."

Jimmy Green had finished. The audience was on its feet cheering him. The correspondents were already

in that back room pounding out the stories, and the telegraph wires had begun to hum with the report. Youth had had its seven minutes. And in those seven minutes youth had declared for life, for an abundant life for the youth of all nations. And it had declared against war as the world's greatest threat to youth and to that abundant life.

There can be no argument on that score. Wars are made by the world's elder statesmen. But it is the blood of youth that is spilt in their waging. When it is war, old men will not do. I recall vividly a day in the early fall of 1917. America, at the task of building up its war machine, needed aviators. The War Department had asked for young men, college-trained young men, and in asking for them had pictured the aviator as a modern Pegasus riding atop the clouds, the guardian of war's romance, and aviation as the arm of offense which would finally finish the job.

We were in San Antonio for the examination. For an entire day we had gone up, one by one, to stand before the intelligence board in mental inquisition. Waiting our turn outside the offices we found little encouragement in observing the number who went in to the ordeal before us and returned with the unmistakable air of rejection. It was clear enough that only young men, fit mentally and physically, were wanted.

And then, during the next day, from seven until six,

we were passed from the hands of one medical specialist to another for physical examination. At the end, those who had survived the myriad and ingenious tests were lined up and further questioned. Some of the men, it appeared, were too old for aviation. Aviation, we were curtly told by the officer in charge, was a job for younger men. It required quick thinking, unerring judgment and coolness. A man of twenty-eight or thirty, however well he might stand up in the mental and physical tests, would have little chance on the flying field in competition with a youth of nineteen or twenty. America, clearly, was out to win the war with her youth.

And so, for that matter, was the world. The only difficulty was that the world, having been three years in the fighting, was running short of young men. By the hundreds of thousands these youths—always the first to go—had been shot to pieces in northern France, in Russia, in the Near East, or plunged to death on the high seas. The best had gone first and been first killed: the Joyce Kilmers, the Arthur Balfours, the Rupert Brookes and the Quentin Roosevelts. The finest of English university men went out with the historic "Contemptibles" and the First Hundred Thousand and were in those first few months mowed down in Belgium. There were young men from German "gymnasiums" who, as volunteers, were swept into the

army in the first wave of patriotism which flooded Germany in 1914. No wonder that, by the time America entered the war, the supply of youth was running low. The pick of a whole generation was already dead or lying maimed in army hospitals. The British had to organize a Bantam Division of those city types that were stunted and undersized and yet physically fit for service. By the end of the war ten million men—young men, most of them—had been killed in battle. Twenty million more were badly wounded. Across the face of our so-called Christian world a human scar had been made too deep and too hideous for time to wipe away.

This tragic, pagan record should of itself be enough to turn the intelligent young person against the whole war system. But for the intelligent Christian there is a further argument. War is civilization's major threat against the abundant life to which the follower of Jesus Christ is committed. Jesus dreamed of a kingdom from which war would be banished forever. He did more than that. He advocated a manner of life for his disciples which put them into immediate conflict with the business of war-making. Men and nations, in Jesus' day, still lived by the old doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Jesus talked a different language: "Resist not him that is evil, but whosoever smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him

the other also." Patriotism in Jesus' day, and too often in our own, advocated that men should love their neighbors and hate their enemies. Jesus offered a new kind of patriotism that would lead men to love their enemies. It is not necessary to point out that this ideal was not accepted in Jesus' day. It has not been accepted since. When it is accepted, the whole structure of suspicion, hate and violence, on which war-making rests, will entirely collapse.

Jesus lived in a time when the patriotism of the Jews was at a fever pitch. The streets of the cities of Palestine echoed to the march of Roman legions. Everywhere were evidences of the authority of this foreign power. The Jews were looking for a Messiah who would rally the people against Rome, drive out these invading legions, and establish again Palestine's political independence. Jesus knew this. He knew that he could have turned his unique capacity for leadership into political channels. He knew that if he raised the war-cry of the Jewish people, they would rally to his battle standards. But he turned away from this temptation. His answer to Peter—when that overzealous disciple on the eve of the crucifixion had drawn his sword to protect his Master—was that "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

And this conviction was given practical expression in the lives of the early Christians in Rome. Rome, in

those days, was a military power. There was no place in the Roman scheme of things for conscientious objectors. If a man refused to bear arms he was sent not to a detention camp but to death. And yet, between the years of 50 and 170 A. D., when this new Christian faith was winning converts throughout the empire, no Christian soldier is known to have existed, and countless Christians who were obliged, like Jesus, to face the choice between death or the sword, willingly accepted death. They knew, without questioning, what Jesus expected of them on the issue of war, and they lived up to that expectation. It is no wonder that the early Christian church of that period has been called the first peace society.

But the church did not continue its uncompromising hostility to war. On the contrary, as it grew in wealth and influence it began to apologize for war, to cooperate with the war system and, in the end, to wage wars on its own account for the advancement of its material interests. Thus the Christian church has come down through the ages blessing the thing that Jesus condemned.

This, of course, was true in regard to the World War. Preachers and churches felt that they were peculiarly called upon to bless this particular war because it, supposedly, was being waged to end all wars. The world, so we were told, was wading through these

four years of blood and death in order that, forever after, such slaughter would be made impossible. And almost everybody believed that. Particularly the youth of the world believed it. We young people of 1917 had been fed upon an anti-German diet, most of the ingredients of which we have since learned were poisoned. But, despite this propaganda, we had no particular hatred for the Germans. We had no particular hatred for anybody. We were exalted, however, by the faith that we were going out in order to usher in a new day for the world. We, the youth of 1917, had been taken up on a high hill. From there the kingdoms of the earth below—kingdoms cluttered up with a vast mass of political, economic and social débris—were pointed out to us. And on that day on that high hill there was painted for us the picture of a new world that would rise if we rolled up our sleeves and cleaned up that mess. We went out to do a dirty business, to hate and to fight and to kill, not because we liked to hate and to fight and to kill but because we believed what we had been told: that on the ground we cleared by our fighting a finer, better world would rise.

Now, of course, everybody knows how badly we were fooled. The new world that we were to usher in has not yet appeared. Politicians and demagogues and self-seekers for fifteen years have been at the

business of tearing up the last bits of war idealism and planting in their place the old prejudices and hates that brought on the last war, and which, if the world goes at its present pace, are certain to bring on another. And the tragedy of it is that in many nations the youth are being swept into an endorsement of the ugly business that maimed and destroyed their fathers and their elder brothers, and which, after fifteen years, has left the world still afflicted and prostrate.

If you visit Germany these days you will find that the youth of Germany are turning out *en masse* in the brown shirts and khaki trousers that are the insignia of Hitler's Nazis. Through the Nazi movement the young men of Germany are being swept into a wholesale endorsement of war. The youth of Italy have been similarly, though perhaps less aggressively, trained as the black-shirted Fascists of Mussolini. Soviet Russia teaches, from the kindergarten up, the certainty of war, and expects its young people, particularly the boys in its young Pioneer movement, to prepare themselves to take an active part in war when it comes. The war fever has swept during recent months through Japan. Jingoism and nationalism have almost completely blotted out the rising tide of peace opinion among the youth of that country. In China, too, young Chinese are increasingly convinced that there can be no justice for their nation until they as

a people develop military power sufficient to fight for that justice. In the United States there has been a persistent attempt, on the part of military leaders and economically interested militarists, to arouse the enthusiasm of young people for the gold braid and trappings of militarism—carefully leaving out of the picture, of course, any reference to the fact that wars are not fought with gold braid, and that in any modern battle there is more gore than glory.

With such propaganda the way was prepared for the World War. With that propaganda the way is now being prepared for another war. The agencies and the mentality of war are making progress in our world much more rapidly than the agencies and the mentality for peace. The army and the navy, not the League of Nations, are the symbols that arouse the enthusiasm of the populace. Jingo talk that makes the eagle scream, not reasoned arguments for world understanding, is the sure-fire method for getting the mob into an uproar of approval. It is the sound of marching men, not of groups discussing world problems, that stirs the heart of the man in the street, and particularly the hearts of his children. We are, in other words, a long way yet from world peace. And Christian youth, determined to have a part in building an abundant life for all people everywhere, are bound to choose whether they will march with war and its

paganism, or take a hand in the harder, less popular, fight for establishing peace.

Already the churches are making this fight their own. Many of the greatest preachers of the land have declared that never again would they bless a war. Some of them have declared that never again would they have anything to do directly or indirectly with the waging of war. They seem to be prepared to pay whatever price is required of them rather than to have a share in this paganism.

This increasing hostility to war among the churches is aiding the peace movement. But such Christian conviction on war is still too indefinite and uncertain to make peace a reality. Lloyd George, Britain's wartime Prime Minister, pointed out years ago that if the churches of the world had stood together for peace in July 1914, the world could have avoided the war. If another war comes, the disaster will almost certainly engulf the churches that have failed to make such a thing impossible. Some of the churches are beginning to stand, at least by resolution, against the war system. When the London Disarmament Conference met a couple of years ago, the American Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, declared: "If it had not been for the peace activities of the American churches this conference would never have convened." And when that conference reached its darkest period,

with complete failure apparently inevitable, our American delegates were deluged with appeals for its success—most of the appeals coming from church leaders and church organizations.

"War," according to the Methodists, "is the supreme enemy of mankind." "The church of Christ as an institution," declare the Congregationalists, "should not be used as an instrument or an agency in the support of war." "As a Christian church," asserts the synod of the Evangelical church, "we will not ever again bless or sanction war." And the Presbyterians —along with a number of other denominations—have asserted their determination never again to be used as an agency for the promotion of war.

Thus, after nineteen hundred years, the church is beginning again to line up with Christ on this issue. Sooner or later that alignment, if it is maintained and strengthened, will be victorious. Meanwhile, the final success of this drive against war rests with youth.

There is, for example, the League of Nations, an agency which is growing in usefulness for the cause of peace. That growth can only be maintained if youth makes an effort to understand what the League stands for, and how it can be strengthened. There is the World Court. America for a number of years has stood on the verge of membership in this peace organization. It is for youth to understand the meaning of the World

Court and to support, with that understanding, all those who are seeking to bring our country into it. There is also the Kellogg Pact to outlaw war. Here is a distinctive American contribution to the cause of peace. What does the Kellogg Pact mean? How has it been strengthened and made more significant by President Hoover? These are questions which youth must know how to answer; for, out of their answers, new steps will be taken toward the ending of the war system.

And, in addition to these specific instruments of peace, it is peculiarly the task of youth to grow in the understanding of other nations. It is pretty hard to fight people with whom you are well acquainted. It is hard to go to war with nations whose ideals and aspirations you understand. For centuries it has been the tactics of the war-makers to prevent understandings between peoples and to foster, instead, suspicions bred of ignorance. Youth, and particularly youth in the church, are called to break over these dividing barriers and discover what the youth of all lands desire to see—a world in which an abundant life has become a reality.

The youth group in any church that undertakes these things will know that it is following the program laid down by Jesus. There were no barriers of jeal-

ousy and hate in his life. There have never been any such barriers in the lives of those who followed him closely. War will be destroyed when men and women —young men and young women—muster up courage enough to look at the world as Jesus looked at it, and to act towards others as Jesus acted.

9

When Do We Eat?

A FEW months ago I was in the capital of Germany. Berlin, in appearance, is one of the most modern cities in the world, and one of the cleanest. You can walk through its slum districts and never know how much starvation lies behind those spotless, flower-bordered windows. In fact, I have met a few travelers who have skipped through Germany, observed that everything, including the people, was spick and span, and come back to report that the story of German poverty is straight propaganda. It is not hard to find an answer to such skim-the-surface conclusions. At the present moment there are about sixty-five million people in Germany. Of that number twenty-two millions—one person in every three—are dependent upon public or private charity for food and clothing. And the dole that is provided is less than enough on which to live. Those twenty-two million people are not being saved from starvation by the help they receive; the starving process is only being prolonged.

A friend of mine who lives in Berlin one day asked

me to go with him on a trip through the settlement of the unemployed. I went. We took Berlin's famous and highly efficient subway to the last stop on the outskirts of the city. A few blocks farther on the buildings stopped, and the vast settlement of those without work began. Hundreds of acres of land have been taken over and divided into tiny plots—each one big enough for a shack and a small garden. Into these shacks thousands of Germans, driven from their homes by their inability to pay rent, had moved with their families. Here, every vegetable garden had its border of flowers, just as every window in Berlin's poorest districts had its flower box. I asked one man why, with so much need, space was given to flowers. He looked at me in amazement.

"What else is left for us of beauty?" he asked. "I have a wife and three children in that house there," waving his hand toward a lean-to patched together with tins and odds and ends of lumber; "they love the flowers. So do I. We look at them and are almost happy again."

We walked block after block through this tragic city. At noon we came to the government feeding station where the dole is paid. A long line stretched from the little office building out into the street. Men and women—their children waiting beside them—stood silently in line, their faces sunken and pale. My friend

stopped beside one of these families. The man to whom he spoke was obviously unfriendly. My friend and I looked too well fed to be welcome.

"But," said my friend, "this man is an American. He has come to see Germany and understand her. He wishes to know that Germany, even in these terrible times, has a soul."

The man in line looked at me, more hostile than ever.

"A soul?" he said. "Who cares about anybody's soul? It's our bodies that need help. They're falling to pieces from starvation."

We had blundered, and the German was right. He was desperate. Faith, just then, was meaningless unless it was the kind of faith that meant food—enough food to fatten up the thin legs of his little girl, and put color back into the cheeks of his wife, and give him strength enough to work through the whole day without fainting. And that kind of faith is needed just as desperately right now, not only in Berlin's settlement of the unemployed but here in the United States.

I stopped in, a few days ago, at a meeting of the Family Welfare Society in our city. A case—a typical case for these times—was under discussion. There were five children in this family. The father had been out of work for two years. The mother was seriously ill. A new baby was expected within a month. One of

the children had tuberculosis; a second, was afflicted with a nervous disorder; the youngest child—a baby—had incipient rickets. The total family income provided by the town was $6.95 a week.

There was no talk in the Family Welfare Society that morning about religion in the abstract sense. The committee simply got down to the business of putting religion, in the practical sense, to work. And it was put to work in terms of cod liver oil, milk, special medical care, and a ton of coal. For at least one family in our city, religion will have more meaning than it has ever had before, because it has been made to contribute—as Jesus' healing ministry contributed—to meeting the tragic needs for warmth and nourishment.

And there are many churches throughout the nation that are mobilized to make religion significant in a practical this-worldly fashion.

But it is still a question whether the church is as far in the lead as its gospel requires; whether it is squarely and courageously facing, not only today's problem of economic need, but tomorrow's problem of a more Christian economic order from which this need will be more widely banned. Within its membership, bound together by the same gospel of an abundant life, are all those who must have a hand in making such a new world. There are employers and em-

ployees. There are economists and financiers and social workers. And yet, to date, there has been no organized, significant or comprehensive effort to bring these groups together to work out a plan of action that should reflect the spirit of Christ, and become a practical expression of his design for the world. It is altogether possible that the church is passing by on the other side of one of the greatest opportunities in history.

Perhaps the thing that is lacking is that courage which youth might supply. Certainly, young people are in no position to be impatient with an indifferent church until they have made some aggressive effort to turn that indifference into active concern. If you, in your church, think that something is lacking, why not undertake some action on your own account? Why not bring together, before your young people's group, the representatives of capital and of labor? Let them state their cases. Examine these viewpoints in the light of the ideals that you believe Jesus would follow. See whether or not, out of these testimonies and this examination, a way can be opened for a consultation of Christian men and women, having as its purpose the discovery of immediate action in the task of giving Jesus supremacy over our economic relationships. If you think that this is a Christian problem and that

something ought to be done about it, why not make a start?

And there is no getting away from the fact that this is a Christian problem. You will remember how Jesus once described the people whom he regarded as fit citizens for the kingdom of heaven. He did not specify that they should belong to one church rather than to another. He drew up no theological formulas to which he insisted that they should subscribe. His tests of citizenship were of a very practical kind. They had to do with clothes for the naked, food for the hungry, water for those who thirst, aid for those who were in prison, shelter for those who were strangers. "Inasmuch," he said, "as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

After you have read that passage from the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, you will be bound to decide that this question is a church question, and that the problems it involves are Christian problems. When you start talking about economics, you run into three types of people within and without the church.

First of all, you have the stand-patters. There are lots of them—although not so many as there were in 1928. The stand-patters insist that ours is the best of all possible economic systems. They point out that we have always come through depressions with the old

flags flying, and therefore we will come through this one. They never ask how we came through, nor the price we paid in human suffering, because they condemn anyone who believes that things can be changed for the better. They act as the ostrich is supposed to act but doesn't; they put their heads in the sand, and believe that when the storm has blown over, and they pull out, they will find the world in exactly the same condition in which they last saw it.

Well, I hope that none of us accept the stand-patters' philosophy. In fact, the stand-patters actually are a danger to society and the church. They readily and often pay lip-service to ideals, but they do nothing to make the world any better. For, whatever else our world is, it is not a stand-pat world. Whatever else it is doing, it is not standing still. It may be moving in the wrong direction, but it is on the move. Anybody who hides his head in the sand these days will find, when he comes out of it, that the world has gone on and left him.

At the opposite side of the picture is a second group. These we call, in their own language, the revolutionists. There is a famous place in New York City —Union Square—where, almost any day, you can hear the spokesmen for this group setting forth their philosophy. They argue, with a great deal of eloquence and enthusiasm, that there is nothing about our

economic and social system that is worth saving.—"Destroy it," they advise. "Pull the whole thing to pieces so that there's not one stone left standing upon another. And then start in again at the beginning and rebuild the whole structure after the blueprints drawn up by Karl Marx and Lenin."

There are probably no revolutionists in your group of young people. But there are almost certainly plenty of folks whose families have felt the pinch of an unjust or at least an unbalanced economic order. They —any more than the farmers who have marched on the capitals of a number of western states—are not revolutionists. But they do believe that this old economic order is far from perfect; they believe that there ought to be in it a surer guarantee of security and a more certain chance for the realization of an abundant life. And that abundant life is something that involves a regular job with decent pay, and an adequate market with adequate prices for wheat and cotton and hogs. Most of us, I suppose, do not propose to be parties to a violent revolution. But a good many of us are convinced that some such revolution is likely to come unless our economic system is fundamentally made over.

I suppose that our attitude is very much like that of Henry and Edsel Ford when they started out to build a six-cylinder automobile. There were probably

stand-patters around the Ford plant who were against any such change. After all, they probably argued, the world has bought some twenty millions of the old Model T cars. And the Ford Company should therefore go on jamming through Models T until we all take to airplanes. But the two Fords, father and son, knew better than that. They knew that as far as automobiles are concerned, this is not a stand-pat age; that we are no longer living in a Model T world. They therefore called in their artists and their engineers and designed a new car. When, finally, it rolled out of the factory it was still an automobile; still a Ford automobile. But the best features of the old car were carried over into the new. And yet everyone, looking at that new car, could see that here was an automobile designed to run in the world of 1932.

Something like that has got to happen to our whole economic order. It may still have a capitalistic inscription on the radiator and capitalistic machinery under the hood, but when the artists and the engineers have finished their work, and it rolls out of the factory, everyone will recognize that here is a system designed to operate in the new world in which we are living.

"There isn't anybody wise enough to build a depression-proof system for business," you will be told.

And we might as well admit that that is true. Business for a long time to come will have its serious dis-

turbances, despite the best that can be done to prevent them. What, then, can be done more than we are doing?

"Protect the working people," someone will say. And that, I think, pretty well sums up the matter. If depressions are to continue, the biggest thing that can be done is to provide some fuller measure of security for those who are first hit and most seriously hit. Just how this may be accomplished we may not be prepared to say. Undoubtedly one step in that direction would be a wider use of unemployment insurance. Fundamentally, however, industry's workers should have a larger share in industry's earnings than at present; in fact, the protection of the laborer, rather than dividends to the investor, should be the first charge upon the profits of business.

This, of course, is all right in the abstract. Actually, however, such a suggestion probably will not get far. It is too idealistic. Profits are still the first concern of most boards of directors. And boards of directors will probably not change until they are obliged to. But the church must help find a way out; it must arouse the Christian conscience to the facts before us.

Sooner or later, of course, they will probably be obliged to change. Three facts in the present situation distinguish it from all others and make that change more certain. In the first place, this is the first depres-

sion in which the world is suffering from an oversupply of what it needs. Previous depressions have been marked by shortages of various kind. There has not been enough food or enough of the necessary commodities to go around. Today, however, there is more than enough. As someone has pointed out, one side of the world's street is crowded with children who have no shoes, and the other side is filled with shops which have more shoes than they know what to do with. We are very wise people in many things. But we have not as yet devised a satisfactory method for getting those unshod children across the street into those over-supplied shoe shops. And, until we do, a good many people will conclude that our system is too inefficient to deserve to survive.

Now, this fact is made more significant by the increasing intelligence of those who suffer. I heard someone say, a few days ago, that all of the world's troubles at present could be traced to "too much education." He was referring particularly to a strike in a nearby industrial community. Of course he was partly right. There was a time when those who had money could get away with anything. Those who had nothing were too ignorant and too superstitious and too worn out, physically, mentally and spiritually, to protest. That day has gone by. Every public school, every newspaper, every magazine, every open forum is an agency which

increases the unwillingness of men and women to accept poverty and starvation as their lot. Democracy has lifted the intelligence of what we once called the common people until they are less and less willing to be satisfied with a system that gives them inadequate security against want. This is another reason why, if we do not remodel our system of our own volition, the business of remodeling it may be taken out of our hands altogether.

In the third place, today's world, more than ever before, is being organized into a competitive economic system, under which the people of one nation strive to raise their standards of living and working above those of their neighbors. Russia is a long way from its goals; the Russian people live on a level considerably lower than that of the working people of America. It is probably true in many instances that the lot of an unemployed man in America is often better than that of an employed man in Russia. Still, Russia is out to prove that it is possible to build an economic system without the motive of private profit. Making due allowance for the failures and shortcomings of the Soviet regime, it has at least one significant element in it. It proposes to make the protection, security and prosperity of the working people its first, in fact its sole, objective. And whether we like it or not, today's

unemployed in other countries are watching the Soviet experiment with increasing interest. If it succeeds—as in certain particulars it is likely to succeed—we shall be obliged, as we have not been obliged before, to consider the reshaping of our own economic order.

Behind all these more or less urgent reasons is the fundamental fact that this business of improving our economic system, and finding an answer to the problem of the next day's food, is primarily a Christian undertaking. When you look at the world's great civilizations, you soon come to the conclusion that there is one respect, at least, in which the civilization of the West is superior to any other; that is, in the importance which it places upon personality. A great deal of fun is poked these days at our ideal of rugged individualism. And that phrase unquestionably is not only overworked but is actually becoming outgrown. Still, behind that ideal is the belief—which is not outgrown—that every man, however low in the social and economic scale, is of immense value and has immense possibilities. Our civilization has failed in many places. But it has succeeded in this: it has brought the standard of living for the average individual, and the number of his opportunities, above any that the world has ever known before. When we talk about changing our present system it is not because we would

belittle such an achievement, but rather because we desire to continue it, more significantly, into the future.

This belief in the importance of the individual is, in large part, a product of our Christian faith. Jesus' ministry was unique because, among other things, he treated men not in a mass but as individuals. He broke through the conventions which would lump people together in certain general classifications. He found something of importance, something that deserved to be recognized and developed in men and women of all classes. And the church of Christ has never been able wholly to get away from his example. Its doors have been open to all comers with its message, often blurred and indistinct, of "good tidings for all people."

But the church cannot rest with this message. It must put it to practical use, and make it really mean something in the life of each member. This Christian conscience, which the church represents, should be the conscience of every member, of every individual towards other individuals. That is the real message of the church. None is too poor or humble for actual membership, for a share in its Christian brotherhood.

That is why, in the lands where its missions are found, Christianity has gone straight to those whom

other religions considered to be beneath consideration. It is recorded of Jesus that "the common people heard him gladly." And Christianity, at its best, has been a common people's faith. Once, at a gathering, someone remarked to Abraham Lincoln that there were so many common-looking people present. "Friend," replied Lincoln, "the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why he made so many of them."

That idea must now be taken out of its too often strictly theological setting, and put into terms of daily economic relationships. I think it can be truly said that the most terrible denial of Jesus' purposes in our world is poverty. Among all the horrors of war and disease and ignorance from which men suffer, no other is so great a challenge to Christianity. In the march of civilization our triumphs over slavery and disease and other evils are commendable, but we are not proud of finding that poverty and its attendant evils are still with us. History records many crusades for many purposes—some wise, some foolish. Here is an opportunity for a new crusade, more significant, more Christian, than any in which men have ever engaged. Until that crusade against poverty has been carried forward much more vigorously, our discipleship will be found wanting.

We have been calling our long period of unemploy-

ment and poverty a "depression." But no other depression has lasted for so long, and had such world-wide effect. It may be that we are facing a New Era. If this is true, our New Era will not approach that ideal of the Kingdom of heaven to which we are committed unless we accept the leadership of Christ.

10

America First

TRY, sometime, to get someone to define the United States of America. It is not so easy as you imagine. Before you are through you will have all manner of definitions. There is, for example, the geographical definition. The United States of America, in geographical terms, is a nation of the Western hemisphere, about three and a half million square miles in extent, bounded on the north by Canada, on the south by Mexico and the Gulf, on the east by the Atlantic Ocean and on the west by the Pacific Ocean. That certainly locates the United States of America. But I am not sure that it defines it.

Then, there is the material definition. By it we are described as a nation—area and location given as above—in which are found an enormous quantity of nearly all the minerals known to man, farmlands of unsurpassed richness, natural harbors without number, and an amazing network of waterways; that in this rich area live, in a state of prosperity and comfort, some 125,000,000 people. That not only locates

America, it describes it. I doubt, however, whether it is adequate as a definition.

Then you will find, also, the political definition. The United States of America is a nation—repeating the latitude and longitude, resources and population —which is organized as a republic, divided into forty-eight states and one territory (Alaska), governed through representatives in municipal, state and national legislative bodies who are elected by the universal suffrage of its citizens, male and female, who have reached twenty-one years of age; whose supreme judicial authority is the Supreme Court; whose supreme legislative authority is the national Congress (divided into the Senate and the House of Representatives) and whose supreme executive is the quadrennially elected President. That is the United States of America still further described, but not satisfactorily defined.

Now, there are plenty of Americans who think of their country exclusively in such terms as these. There are, for example, plenty of geographical Americans. They talk about the preservation of our country entirely in terms of land area. They would build a wall around us, mount the latest and heaviest artillery on that wall, dig a moat beneath it (that wouldn't be necessary on two sides where providence has already provided the ocean), fill this water border with mines

and settle down convinced that inside this fortress America had been preserved.

There are plenty of other Americans who would go a bit further than that. They would insist that after we have shut ourselves up on our cozy continent something must be done to see to it that there is prosperity inside. In addition to a thick wall we must also have a thick pocketbook. They hold to the conviction that as long as we can preserve our wealth, we will preserve our Americanism. And there are some who go beyond this, and maintain that we will keep our Americanism if, in addition to preserving our land area and our prosperity, we preserve our political machinery. They believe that if the wheels of politics continue to turn round they will somehow continue to produce Americanism.

There is undoubtedly some truth in all these definitions. It is altogether possible that we need some kind of wall around our country, provided it is not too high a wall and that it is provided with plenty of gates. It is probably true, also, that at present we need some guns on that wall, provided there are not too many of them, and provided, also, that guns do not constitute our only reception committee. It is unquestionably true that we need political machinery, even though at times we wish that it would turn out a better governmental and municipal product. But, despite the truth

in all these definitions, I do not believe that they provide an adequate picture of America. America is all of these things—land, resources, government. But these things are not all of America.

To discover that America is more than these we need to go back to its beginning. In 1932 this country commemorated the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington. What was it, I wonder, that our revolutionary forefathers under Washington fought to win? What was the motive behind their sacrifices?

Well, for one thing, it was not material security. Europe was inclined to laugh at our revolutionary venture because, many wise statesmen agreed, we would not be able to defend ourselves even though we won our freedom. Security, obviously, was surer under Britain's protection than without it. And it was not prosperity for which we fought. Far from it. The wealthy classes of the revolutionary period were pretty largely Tories. That is, they were against the Revolution, called it a mad adventure, poked fun at the tattered troops, and lent their support to the Britishers. Why? Because they felt that prosperity—their wealth—would be safer if Britain won. Moreover, the Revolution was not fought because of a belief in the virtue of any particular form of political equipment. In fact, as the new government came into being after the Revo-

lution, Washington and Thomas Jefferson and others were all convinced that the political machinery which they had helped to set up simply would not work. And yet, I do not believe that they thought for a minute that the America which they had fought to establish would perish if the mechanism of politics broke down.

The Americanism they fought for was not a material but a spiritual possession. The America they created was not made with men's hands, it came from their hearts. They went to war not primarily because the Stamp Tax hurt their pocketbooks, but because it hurt their conscience. It was not private property that was at stake, but human principles. The language of those days was strong language. It was filled with talk about equality. Well, equality is not a matter of barter or trade. It was filled with talk about human liberties. But you can't put human liberties in a safety deposit box in the hope of cash dividends and an increase in value. No, the forces that inspired the American revolutionists were spiritual forces. And, outside the scriptures, there is probably no greater statement of spiritual values than that contained in the document which declares: ". . . that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

We are a century and a half away from that declaration. Sometimes it appears that we are even farther away from it than that. At any rate, we need—in this present confused world—to discover all over again that America can never be adequately defined until it is defined as a spiritual force. For, if America at its birth represented a spiritual ideal, America a hundred and fifty years during its maturity cannot survive if it represents an ideal of any lesser sort.

We think we have come a long way in these last hundred and fifty years. Unquestionably we have. But, despite that great progress, there are some signs that we are entering upon a period in our history almost as perilous as those dark days of the Revolution. The issue in the Revolution was between the Tories and the patriots. The issue today is between the little Americans and the greater Americans. The former tell us—often in the Halls of Congress, frequently in our newspapers—that the way to keep our Americanism is to put it into cold storage. The greater Americans reply that nothing spoils so quickly as an ideal in cold storage. They insist that devotion to the ideals upon which our nation was founded call now for the further investment of those ideals on behalf of mankind.

During the first period of our national history we

had turned ourselves to the business of developing our own strength. But in the World War we found ourselves fighting on foreign soil to create a world in which men should have "liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We went into that war with the idea that we were giving all our strength in a tremendous effort for the service of humanity. We declared then that the fight of every depressed people was in a sense our battle. We declared that the advance of the democratic principles of human freedom anywhere was a matter of concern to us. We dedicated ourselves to what we thought was the task of helping the world toward the realization of the same ideals which, in the Revolution and since, we had worked out for ourselves.

It was because of purposes like these that the World War was a spiritual experience for America and for many Americans. College young people—such as I was then—went out not because we liked the business of fighting, but because we honestly believed that, after we had fought, a better America and a better world would be built.

I looked the other day through the files of the newspapers of that period. I read the New York *Times* for the days immediately preceding and immediately following the declaration of war. This newspaper gave, on the morning of April 7, 1917, the full report

of President Wilson's historic address to Congress. That speech concluded with this paragraph, as stirring as any to be found in the documents of American history:

"It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

It was a reflection of the spiritual exaltation of that moment in our history that the New York *Times* on that day printed across its editorial page the famous stirring battle song:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

Fifteen years have elapsed since the war, and those ideals have been pretty largely forgotten. America—which in the days of sacrifices was a greater America—has been for most of the time since in the hands of the little Americans. Our politicians have persistently refused to make good on the promises held before five million young Americans who took up arms, and which gave hope to the seventy-five thousand who laid down their lives.

We talked of "a war to end war," about a court that would make it easier for nations to settle their difficulties without any more bloody sacrifices. That court under our influence was founded. But little Americans in places of authority have prevented our joining it. We talked about a League of free peoples in which understanding and agreement and settlement by consultation might take the place of international ill-will, bitterness and war. Such a league, by the insistence and leadership of our President, was established. Little Americans, betraying the ideals for

which they sent men out to die, have kept us out of the League of Nations. We did lead in the creation of a pact to outlaw war. To date, however, our little Americans have poured scorn on that pact, and seen to it that we joined in no international agreements which would make such a pact more effective. And now, fifteen years after we set out to a war to end all wars, our little Americans have led us so far from those ideals that, in the words of President Hoover in 1929, "The current expenditure (of the United States) on strictly military activities of the army and navy constitutes the largest military budget of any nation in the world today, and at a time when there is less real danger of extensive disturbance to peace than at any time in more than half a century."

In the face of that situation, Christians who believe in a greater America have a job on their hands. It is theirs to determine whether, for the next period of our history, our country will exalt selfishness and indifference, or, as in the great moments of our history, we shall exalt service and unselfishness not for ourselves alone but for all mankind.

The latter course, obviously, is the only Christian course. It is the unselfish service to all men that the church has tried to offer. Contrary to this spirit a lot of people do not believe in foreign missions. They say that we have no business trying to jam our religion

down the throats of unwilling nations. Well, as one who has seen missionaries at work all over the world, I have yet to see the jamming process in operation. It is a strange fact that those who insist that we keep our religion at home enthusiastically argue for the sending of almost everything else abroad. I remember once in East Africa watching a line of natives returning to their bush villages after several years in the gold mines of Johannesburg. At least a dozen of them had, swung over their backs, a well known American-made sewing machine. No one raised any objection, I suppose, to the conversion of these natives to sewing machines—even though the machines were bound to rust almost immediately in disuse. But try to convert them to our religious ideals, and what a storm is raised! We are out to convert the world to our automobiles, our clothes, our chewing gum, our cigarettes. That, we are told, is good business. But when we send out missionaries to convert them to Christianity we are informed that that is intolerable.

I do not agree. The fact of the matter is that the biggest race that is on at the present moment is a race between various sets of ideals. Most of the world—Africa, India, China, even Europe—is trying to make up its mind what gods to serve. It may turn out that its god will be materialism. If it is, so much the worse for the world. It may turn out that its god will be com-

munism. If it is, we shall all be the losers. Or it may turn out that the world will come to serve the God that Christ revealed. I do not know how such a choice could be improved upon. Do you?

You can count upon it, however, that if Jesus' way of life is not accepted some other most certainly will be. If America chooses to build its wall, put up its guns and become ingrown, the rest of the world will go on making its choices. We cannot stop that. The only thing we can do is to have a part in seeing to it that those choices are of the kind that will make it easier for us—together—to build a world that will be more Christian.

Back in 1914, the city of Serajevo seemed a long way from the Wyoming town where I lived. But by 1917 it had turned out to be tragically close. Manchuria and Shanghai are separated from us by a supposedly safe six thousand miles of water. But even that much water isn't a safe separation in this modern world. Economists agree that our present financial troubles are caused not only by industrial illness at home but quite as much by the same kind of illness abroad. We have discovered that a revolution in South America, an uprising in India, a political overturn in Germany, financial difficulties in Great Britain—all these supposedly remote happenings have repercussions on our own pocketbooks. We can't be prosperous

again until the world is prosperous. We can't live behind a high wall and expect to do any good to ourselves or to any one else.

That applies, also, to other things. In the long run democracy will not be safe anywhere unless it is made safe everywhere. Peace will not come permanently to America until it has come permanently to the world. Christian ideals of justice and abundant living will not be secured for any of us until they are made more secure for all of us. To say, America First, is in reality to put America last. For it is the record of history—and it was never truer than it is today—that the individual who lives unto himself soon shrivels into insignificance; and the nation that begins to live unto itself, begins at once to decline. The value of our Christian ideals will depend in the long run upon the effort we make to put them at the service of all men everywhere.

Jesus said, "He that saveth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." The greater Americans of revolutionary days were willing to lose their lives. That is why they found a greater life. America today needs a rebirth of their spirit, a new recognition of the fact that the ideals of our nation are too important to the world to be destroyed by selfishness, and that our devotion to their extension is the best evidence we can give of our devo-

tion to them. Putting up a high wall around our ideals is to admit that they can't work for mankind at large.

It all gets back to the question of how you define America. If our land is to you merely a geographical area filled with resources and managed by a certain kind of political machinery, then doubtless you will be content in the company of the little Americans. You, like Silas Marner, will hide your Americanism under the kitchen floor. And, like Silas Marner, you will probably find in the end that what you have hoarded has ceased to have any value.

If, however, this land of ours is to you more than geography, resources and political machinery; if it is to you, as it was to our revolutionary forefathers, a spiritual ideal, then you will recognize that it will survive only as long as it is used, only as long, in fact, as it is used unselfishly. You, then, will travel in the company of the greater Americans who believe that, having attained to strength, we are called both by our patriotism and by our Christian faith to use that strength for the good of all mankind.

11

Why the Church?

You probably have some friends who are not members of the church. Some of them may even point with pride to that fact. They do not want to be members of the church. They say that there are too many hypocrites in the church. And, besides, churches are not necessary. Jesus didn't have one! To their criticisms few of us make answer.

Of course, if they mean that we can be just as perfect and active as Jesus was, then there would be no need of the church. But they mean nothing so ideal. They think that they have the moral strength to keep within the man-made laws while their consciences are blunted to the Divine laws. Living selfishly for themselves they forget that we are put into this world to live together.

I once knew a man, a very successful business man, who was deeply religious. He was also exceedingly liberal. He gave his money, large sums of it, to a number of religious activities. But he was not a church member. When I asked him one day why he

had never joined the church his reply was, "I am not good enough."

Undoubtedly he was entirely honest in that opinion. He felt that the church was, or ought to be, an organization of the ultra-good, and that he was not one of that number. I knew, of course, that he was fully as good as any church people I had ever known, and that he shared the religious convictions for which the church stands. But, to him, church membership was an ideal to which he had not attained.

These criticisms and attitudes, I think, are the result of a somewhat mistaken idea of the church. The church is an organization of men and women who share the same religious convictions. Certainly! It is a uniting to accomplish the same purposes in the lives of its members and in the life of society. To be sure! When an individual takes his vows as a church member he subscribes to these things.

But that does not mean that the church is made up of people who think that they are perfect. On the contrary, it ought to be made up of people who are aware of their own shortcomings, and who desire, through the help of the church, to get rid of them. The church is an organization not of those who have attained the best, but of those who accept what they believe to be the most effective means whereby the best can be developed.

What I mean is pretty well illustrated by St. Paul. You will remember that he spent his life founding churches. He traveled, at the constant risk of his life and in the face of persecutions and despair, from one end of the Near Eastern world to the other, and as far into Europe as Rome. He was not only Christianity's first missionary; he was its first great church member. And yet, after a lifetime spent founding churches and counseling church members, he said:

"Not that I have already attained or am already made perfect: but I press on, if so be that I may lay hold on that for which also I was laid hold on by Christ Jesus. Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold; but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal, unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Paul was in the church not because he was perfect, but because he wanted to become more nearly perfect. He believed—like many millions who have lived within the church since his days of Christian pioneering—that the ideal which Jesus held before people could be best preserved through organization; that it could be most readily realized in cooperation with others.

Jesus, to be sure, did not found a church. A church was not necessary to his ministry. He was a church

in himself. And the disciples did not need an organization so long as they had him. But, when they no longer had him, an organization became inevitable. And the church, with many failures and shortcomings on its records, has sought through the centuries to be his spokesman and to stand in his place. Jesus' plans for the world are far from realized. None the less, nineteen centuries after his ministry, he remains one of the most inescapable of realities, and his program is still the great ideal which men, at their best, strive to realize. And that is due not only to the fact that Jesus lived and taught, but to the further fact that the church was formed to continue and extend the influence of his life and teachings.

Those who join the church do so not primarily because they are satisfied with themselves, but because they believe that in the church they can come closer to Jesus than anywhere else, and because in the church they can share with others that ideal for which the church stands—to turn the world to him. As a matter of fact, I know of no organization, save the church, that has the elimination of evil and the elevation of good as its only business. Do you? Our schools teach our young people how to read and write and figure. If they sometimes give hints which might be helpful in the building of character, that is incidental to the main business of filling the mind with useful knowl-

edge. Our business enterprises are out to make profits, not to demonstrate ideals. Labor organizations do a vast amount for workers. But labor's achievements—significant as they are—are almost exclusively in the field of economics.

No; if you were to take the churches off the street corners you would remove the one agency that, in season and out, year after year and century after century, calls men and women to model their lives and their world after the best that the world has seen. If it is worth while that that example be held before men, if it is desirable to give that example a greater place in one's own life and in society, then the church is a good thing and deserving of our support.

I have not the slightest doubt that many people live religious lives outside the church. I have known some of that kind. I know a very prominent woman in an Eastern state who from one year's end to another never goes near a church. Yet she begins every day of her very busy life with a half hour of devotions, Bible reading and prayer. I know of no more deeply religious person.

But I am obliged to admit that she is the kind of exception that proves the rule. Besides, there are many who are strangers to her and never enter her home, and who would benefit from her example if

she were in the church, sharing her rich spiritual experience with them. But most of us are not that religious. At least, we are not religious enough to run, so to speak, under our own power. We need the help of others who are religious. We need the inspiration and the strengthening that comes with the association that the church makes possible. In fact, most of the folks I have known, who glibly say that they can get along without the church, simply do not get along religiously at all. Their attitude is not an explanation. It is an excuse.

Effective religious people outside the church are about as common, I should say, as effective political leaders outside a political party, or effective business men without a business. I know of one or two young people who got their college degrees by studying at home. For one reason or another, they never went to college at all; they studied by themselves, took the examinations by mail, got their degrees *in absentia.* That works all right in unusual cases. But most of us, in that situation, simply would not go through to the finish. We would need the personal contact with teachers, the association with others who are studying the same subjects, the stimulus of the college organizations. We simply would not lift ourselves to a degree by our own bootstraps. And most people are the same

about religion. We are not naturally religious enough to be self-generated and self-propelled. The church exists, in part at least, in order that our devotion may be united with the devotion of others, and thus the progress of all of us speeded up.

As I have already indicated, the church has many failures on its record. Its failures, however, are not the failures of the God it seeks to serve, but of the men who sometimes falter in their service. There is a phrase in some of our church services which declares that the church is an institution "ordained of God." That we all believe. But we know, also, that although it is ordained of God, it is run by men. It can hardly be more Christ-like than the individuals who make up its leadership. When those individuals—as has been the case too often—use the church for selfish ends, and neglect the real purposes to which it is committed, then its effectiveness is lowered and its success limited.

The remarkable thing in the history of the church, however, is not that it has departed from Christ at times, but that it seems always to have returned to him. This, I think, is due to the fact that always behind the church is the person of Jesus. And even the most self-seeking and unrighteous of ecclesiastics have never been able wholly to conceal Jesus. Sooner or later, some individual comes along who rediscovers

Christ, and out of that rediscovery the church is called back to its primary purposes and its central personality. Francis of Assisi lived at a time when Europe was a long way from Christ. The influence of the church was subordinated to the ambitions of worldly monarchs. Cruelty was widespread; suffering went unrelieved; wars were waged on the slightest pretext. Francis of Assisi was stirred against these evils, stirred because he had found that they were a repudiation of Christ's aims for the world. And, because he was stirred so deeply, this obscure monk became a prophet, and before his short life ended he had lifted Jesus again into the consciousness of men and of nations.

Martin Luther lived at a similar period in history. His world was dominated by princes of the state and church who, with the name of Christ on their lips, were engaged in business which was far from Christlike. Oppression, poverty, and superstition were on every hand, and there were few to speak for the needy. Luther, having arrived at his decision, defied the authority of the ecclesiastics with courage derived from the authority of Jesus. And he rode, in the early morning of a cold, grey day, into the German city of Worms where he was to be tried by the papal authorities, with a growing sense of this inward power which

eight years later found expression in his famous hymn:

> A mighty fortress is our God,
> A bulwark never failing—

The German church, by Luther's leadership, was called away from its selfish worldliness into a new interpretation of Christ's ideal for humanity.

John Wesley provided leadership of the same sort. Wesley lived in England in the early days of the industrial revolution. Probably never before or since has the lot of the common people been so tragic. And in the whole of England there seemed to be none to intercede for them. But John Wesley, walking down the streets of London one night, found an experience that revealed a Christ who was concerned about suffering men. To preach that Christ this young man packed his saddle-bags and rode for a lifetime through the heart of England's misery. The Wesleyan Revival has been said by historians to have saved England from collapse. But it did more than that, it helped to save the church for Christ.

I can go down the line with the critics of the church of today. I know that it has shortcomings in its program, just as it has hypocrites among its members. But, after I had endorsed all the criticisms that might be made, I would still be obliged to face two facts.

First of all, the church still stands for the best that we know. The superstructure may be faulty in places, but the foundations upon which it rests are as good as they ever were. The hypocrites among its members cannot remain hypocrites; if they take part in the work of the church, they will find sincerity of aim and belief. We have developed a great many wise men in recent years—men who offer us all sorts of panaceas for all sorts of ills. To date, however, no one has appeared who is a match for Christ. His program and his example are still supreme. I have met Mahatma Gandhi, and I have heard him spoken of in higher terms than any man now living. It is significant that the best that the most enthusiastic followers of Gandhi can say of him is this:

"He is Christlike."

I am ready, therefore, to stand by the Christian church because—faulty though it is—it is still the representative of Christ, and still the most aggressive spokesman for his message to the world.

Then, I am obliged to face a second fact which is a bit more embarrassing. I know that if the church, seeking to show Christ to the world, has failed, the failure is my own. If the church is not taken seriously it is due to the fact that I and many others of its members do not take it seriously. If it is engaged in many things that are of small moment to the neglect of

matters which are more fundamental, that is because I, too, choose to occupy myself with the second best. If it does not show forth Christ as it should, that, in a large measure, is because I am not showing him forth.

Young people who are not satisfied with the church have their work cut out for them. The church may be as strong as its strongest and as weak as its weakest members. But the church can be as effective and as vital in the life of individuals and of our world as they choose to make it. The church, at its best, stands for Christ. Christ is as adequate for this twentieth-century world as for any that has preceded it. And, perhaps, more tragically needed. But he is not likely to be accepted by society until he is more clearly revealed by the church. He will only be clearly revealed by the church when church people determine to reveal him. There, I think, is a challenge for youth that surpasses any other.

And that challenge, right now, is beginning to get down to concrete terms. The church, today, has competition of a kind that it has never faced before. If you do not believe that, you should drop in some day on a meeting of Russian Communists, and discover how hard they are working at the job of turning 160,000,000 people to atheism. Or you might make some inquiries about Turkey. You would find that the conviction which is gaining fastest among young people

is not Mohammedanism or Christianity, but unbelief. Young Turks, like their Russian friends, are determined to get along without religion. Or you could spend an evening with a group of young Chinese students. Who are the men that are influencing their thoughts? Probably Karl Marx and Lenin. And under such influences, hostility to religion—to all religions—is on the gain.

The church, in short, is fighting for its life. That fight, you can be sure, will not be won unless it is won by youth, Christian youth who have as much sacrificial devotion to Christ and his teachings as, let us say, Communist youth have for Lenin and his teachings. It will not be an easy fight, be sure of that! And it will not be won in a year. But it might be won in a generation—if we had a generation daring enough and devoted enough to win it.

The tides, as I say, seem to be running against religion. Increasing numbers of people seem to scoff at faith and ignore the church. And this movement away from belief is too powerful to be stopped by anything that is either anemic or half-baked. The defense of Christianity calls for action that is red-blooded and two-fisted and clear-brained. Second-raters need not apply. And the first-raters who apply had better do so with their eyes open, aware that they are entering

upon not only the world's most significant, but perhaps its most difficult undertaking.

A short time ago a group of church leaders, some laymen, some preachers, made a report on foreign missionary work in the Orient. On some points of that report there has been decided disagreement. On one point, however, no one, to date, has started an argument. For these investigators found that Christianity is now faced with keener competition than ever before. They declared that to meet that competition—represented by new intellectual movements which are stirring the East—it would be necessary to recruit the best brains and the finest spirits that Christianity has at its disposal. In other words, they proposed that the type of young men and women who plan to go into business or the professions should be drafted—just as men are drafted in a national emergency—to give themselves to meet this world-wide religious emergency. They declared that the time had come to dot the world with Christian engineers, Christian doctors, Christian financiers, nurses, social workers, teachers and journalists. And that the business of this company would be to stem, by the work they did and the lives they lived, the rising wave of religious indifference.

Well, that is a challenge which applies to more than the mission field. It applies to every community here at home. It is a challenge to make Christianity—its

teaching and its practice—the first business of a generation of young people. I wonder just how many there are, in our present generation of young people, who have courage enough to undertake such a job; or whether the young people of the present will be content, as young people of the past too often have been, with a diluted, half-hearted support of their faith. If they are of the latter type, we will have a diluted, half-hearted faith; a faith that lacks power enough to meet and destroy the forces that are pitted against it.

Just how important our Christianity will be in tomorrow's world is a question that *you* will have to decide. It is within your power to put it in a place of decreasing influence; or to give it the meaning and the drive that will lead to its certain triumph.

12

What Can We Do About It?

AFTER listening to a recital of facts that call for action, there is always someone who asks: "Well, what can we do about it?"

And to that question there are probably no cut-and-dried answers. I haven't any now. In fact, no one can have any cut-and-dried answers. There aren't any. If the question is answered at all, youth themselves must do the answering. No one can do it for them. About the only thing anyone else can do is to offer a few suggestions—when they are asked for.

In the previous chapters we have been making our way through a good many problems. No one knows what American youth can do about their solution until they try; but it is too clear, I think, that at present youth are not doing very much. The United States has countless organizations of young people. I do not believe that at present it has any youth movement, that is, the entire youth of the country studying these problems and eager to tackle them. Most of the organizations are for young people, not by them. They are

hand-me-downs, so to speak, from adults. The handing-down is very gracefully done, of course, and it is always arranged for the young people to have a place on the platform. None the less, these movements—however commendable—can hardly be thought, except by the extremely gullible, to spring spontaneously from the mind and heart of youth.

Nevertheless, American youth, through these adult-run organizations, are doing many significant things. In thousands of churches, for example, you can drop in at about seven o'clock on a Sunday night and find a little group of young people seriously at the business of finding out what is wrong with the world, and how to make it right. But it is safe to say that there are scores of American communities outside these church gatherings in which there is no serious effort being made to relate the inherent idealism of young people to the pressing problems of the community, the nation and the world. To a very real extent America's place in the world of the next fifty years is being determined by the preparation that is going on in these informal, but often intensely serious, Sunday gatherings of youth.

It is a fact, however, that in many places in today's world youth are not waiting for the knowledge and experience of maturity. They are mobilizing under

their own banners to have a hand right now in the settlement of current issues.

Let us glance at the activities of youth during recent crises abroad, in Europe and Asia. In doing so, however, we should try to enter into the feelings and thoughts of foreign youth and imagine how we should feel in each case if we saw our own country beset with similar problems. Except in Soviet Russia where youth are given a definite part to play and are trained to play it, we shall find youth in one country opposed to youth in another, or in the same country divided into two or more camps, each fighting to establish its own ideals over those of a rival organization.

What is important to observe, however, is the fact that youth in each of these countries are entering vitally into public life. Moreover, they are enlisted under causes that are dangerous, and frequently they are endeavoring to impose their ideas by force upon their fellows, or upon the youth of rival countries. These causes naturally reflect the disturbed conditions of their national life, conditions inherited from the recent or distant past. Instead of being born and raised under normal conditions youth have grown up to find their countries being melted in the crucible. Their old civilizations are being remade to suit a post-war world. In many cases they find that the standards of life and work and government under which their elders grew

up have been scrapped, and that their nation is starting again from scratch.

It is of course a "trial-and-error" process. Methods are being tried, and when they prove to be wrong they are discarded. That is the way that youth are accustomed to learn after leaving school and college, and that also happens to be the way of the post-War world. There is no time to make the most of a wrong policy; nor is there any longer the old pre-War system of patching together human institutions and seeing if time will enable them to heal their obvious imperfections. Europe and Asia are being forced by competition to bring their machinery of government and business into immediate service for tomorrow's world. And youth, being impatient, are also critical of the makeshifts and experiments of their elders, and are endeavoring to find their own solutions. In each case, however, youth are trying to answer the question "What can we do about it?"

Perhaps the most dramatic record of youth's "doing something about it" is being written in China. The writing began, in fact, a number of years ago. In 1919, the peace conference was in session at Versailles. That conference ran on to a great many snags. One of the worst of these was Japan's interests in, and claims to, the Chinese province of Shantung. The

peacemakers, however, virtually awarded Shantung province to Japan.

There was not much that China could do about it. There was no army to march against the Japanese; no navy to sail into Kiao-chow to oust them. Officially, but with many protests, the Chinese government submitted. Whereupon the youth of the nation got busy. They have been busy ever since. I saw them—high school students—far in the interior, campaigning for China's rights. They would gather, a little company of them, in the market-place of a city. One of their number would climb up on an oil tin—the most convenient soap-box—and address the quickly assembled crowd in the language of the street on the wrongs, done to China in Shantung. That campaign has gone forward for thirteen years more or less uninterruptedly. Students graduating from school passed on their mission to those who followed them. And if you want to know why, at the Washington Conference in 1920, Shantung province was restored to China, you can find the answer, or a considerable part of it, in this revolt of China's youth.

When, last year, Japan invaded China, bombarded and stormed Chapei, one of the Chinese sections of Shanghai—it was the youth of China who went into action to mobilize the nation. Whether right or wrong, China's boycott of Japanese goods—which threatened

ruin to scores of businesses in Japan—was largely engineered and enforced by the enthusiasm and sacrifices of young Chinese. When, a few months ago, the government at Nanking refused to adopt a warlike attitude in its negotiations with Japan, radical Chinese students commandeered trains, swooped down upon Nanking from all directions, and forced the resignation of the Minister of Foreign Affairs and the appointment of a more aggressive man in his place.

These expressions of the spirit of China's youth have not been free from excesses; they have not always been wise. But the fact remains that if you were to ask a Chinese student "What's to be done about such and such a wrong?" his answer would probably be, "Everything!"

A few weeks ago, the newspapers carried the story of the formation of a Japanese Fascist party. While the head of the party told of its ultra-nationalistic aims in the Japanese Diet, 3500 of its members—young men in black coats, belts, striped trousers and military caps—demonstrated uproariously outside the Parliament buildings. These young men were picked members of the Kokumin Domei. They had come from the four corners of the nation. They were proof that Japan, too, has its youth movement, and that that movement proposes to "do something about it."

Their program, unfortunately, is militaristic. It

aims to strengthen the army and the navy, extend Japan's authority in Chinese territory, encourage a more intense devotion to the emperor and less devotion to democracy. On the economic side, the Kokumin Domei is inclined toward a moderate socialism. It insists that there must be a wider distribution of wealth in the nation; that the political dictation of the industrialists must be brought to an end; that greater economic security must be provided not only for the workers in industry but for the farmers. Japanese youth, too, are prepared to "do something about it."

If you were to walk down the streets of Berlin, or almost any other German city these days, you would meet, before you had gone far, a number of young men snappily dressed in brown military coats, Sam Browne belts, military caps, puttees. These, you would be told, are Nazis, the followers of Adolf Hitler. They are Germany's military youth movement. Most of them are too young to have shared in the disillusioning experiences of the World War. They are quite prepared, if their talk is to be believed, to start out tomorrow to another war. Several hundred thousand of them have been organized as the *Stormabteilung*, or Storm Troops. One can see them drilling almost any day near the palace of the former German emperor in Potsdam, near the city of Berlin. Hitler has mobilized the youth of Germany.

It is not hard to understand why he has been able to mobilize them. For more than a decade the German people, and particularly German youth, have lived under impossible conditions. By thousands the youth of Germany are unemployed and destitute. Thousands of them are university and technical school graduates, many of whom have been out of school three, five, and even ten years, and in all that time have never had the chance to do a day's work. The ambition of youth has not only met with frustration; their high school and college preparation has gone for nothing. They have known, since graduation, only the life of those who tramp the streets looking for something to do.

Small wonder that they have grown disillusioned with things as they are. And small wonder that, when Hitler came along to promise them salvation, they should follow in his train.

The Fascists of Italy likewise make a large place for youth. One would hardly say that Italian youth are allowed to make much of a place for themselves. Fascism controls the education and directs the ambitions of Italy's youth as carefully and with as much authority as the Communists control and direct the youth of Russia. The young child in the Fascist as in the Communist scheme of things is looked upon as an asset to the state, and is cultivated accordingly. In school Fascist boys and girls are enrolled and ranked

very much in military style. They become, at an early age, members of the Ballila, a name taken from that of a Genoese boy who in 1747 fought against the Austrians. The Ballila society includes all boys and girls from eight to fourteen. And, from eight on, the Fascist child is led to believe that he or she has a very definite and a very practical part to play in the building of a stronger and a more self-contained Italian nation.

In Russia a few months ago I attended a national meeting of the Young Pioneers. This organization enlists the Communist youths of grammar and high school age. One sees little companies of them all over Russia; the boys wearing smart blue shirts and shorts, and red kerchiefs around their necks, the girls in blue blouses and skirts and the same red kerchief.

The delegates to this Young Pioneer meeting in Moscow had come from all over Russia. I sat next to a lad who had traveled three days and three nights on the train from Georgia on the shores of the Caspian Sea. When I asked this young lad what the Pioneers were doing in his city he replied:

"We are doing what the Pioneers do everywhere—building the socialist state."

Speakers from various parts of the country outlined to the great audience the list of the activities of their

organizations. They told how boys and girls were sacrificing to aid in the Five Year Plan; how they were engaging in social work, helping to clean the streets of their communities, helping to organize against disease, helping in the training of the younger children. And the crowd of young folk jumped to their feet, and cheered as lustily as though someone had made a touchdown in the Yale Bowl, when one of these boys shouted, "The older party members need have no fear. Communism is safe with the Young Pioneers."

Thus, around the world, young people when faced with national crises are finding ways and means to "do something about it." It is probably true that in the United States they are doing less about it than almost anywhere. In this country very little is expected of young people until they cease to be young people. Up to the time that they move into the circle of adults it is assumed that they will follow the conventional routine through grammar school, high school, and perhaps through college. During this time they will make up their minds as to "what I want to do." What they want to do is almost always assumed to be some method of earning their living. They may go through a period in which they will be radicals desirous of reforming the world. But few people take these periods seriously. Patronizing adults look on,

convinced that the mood will pass, and that the young people will harmlessly settle down to the old routine of their fathers.

This, I think, is unfortunate. It is unfortunate because America, right now, is faced with serious problems and stands in bad need of a new driving power in order to find their solution. The old way of doing business is pretty widely discredited. Every day that the depression continues merely increases the discrediting. The old way of political leadership has led us into a dead-end street. The United States, which might be leading the world toward peace, is failing, because of a lack of leadership, to lead at all. Respect for law has declined to a point of collapse. Civic government in most of our cities is honeycombed with graft. And all this continues, in large measure, because so many of the nation's mature people are selfishly occupied with their own business and have no time—at least they lack the interest to take the time—to change things. The changes, if they are made at all, will have to be carried through by youth.

It is a remarkable fact that every movement that is vitally alive in today's world has a large measure of its dynamic provided by youth. The review I have just given of the place of youth in the life of various nations indicates just what I mean. There would be today no nationalist movement in China worthy of the

name were it not for China's youth. Hitler's Nazis would never have grown to be the strongest party in the German Reichstag without the backing of youth. Youth probably supplies the biggest source of enthusiasm for the Communist party of Russia, as well as the Fascists in Italy. For good or ill, these movements are going ahead. And the energy and zeal that drive them are largely supplied by young people.

As a matter of fact, young people have something to give to the world that can never be supplied by their elders. They have assets which cease to be available in maturity. In general, I think there are two reasons why these assets of enthusiasm, idealism, devotion, and sacrificial courage are peculiarly available to young people.

In the first place, youth have very few facts and very little experience at their disposal. It is sometimes an asset not to be burdened down with too much information. Knowledge, however desirable, very often turns out to be one of the handicaps of maturity. It is hard to do anything because we know so many very good reasons why nothing can be done. If we feel inclined to start out in a straight line toward a definite destination, our information immediately tells us how many equally good alternative routes we might follow. The result is that we often end up by going nowhere.

I remember once serving on a committee that had

as its purpose the outlining of some new educational plans for certain schools in China. It was thought that this committee could make some changes which would bring these schools more into step with the new China. Well, we worked out the plans. But, whenever we got to the point of acting upon them, one of the members of our committee—a saintly man—would rise in his place and say, "I spent forty years of my life in China. . . ."

And then he would reach back into those forty years, and grab a fistful of facts, and fashion them into a man-sized monkey-wrench to toss into the wheels of the machinery of progress. He knew so much about how things had always been done, that he was completely convinced they should always continue to be done in exactly that way.

Well, our world needs to have a lot of things done differently. If they are done differently, the difference will have to be prescribed by young people who still have no better sense—that is, no more facts and experience—than to believe that, once they have set a goal for themselves, they can travel in a straight line until they reach it.

Then, a second reason for the peculiar assets of youth is that they have, as yet, no stake in the status quo, in keeping things as they are. It is a great thing to have some few people in our midst who have not yet

sold out to the god of things as they are. The tragedy is that so many of them do sell out so early. I can look back upon the young prophets of my college days. Their spirits and their ideals were of the sort that the world needed, and which it now needs more than ever. But things have happened to them. They have obtained good positions, fitted themselves comfortably into the current scheme of things, and relapsed into silence. Something miraculous happens to the prophetic spirit of a man when he gets a few bonds (government preferred), or a little money in the savings bank (one of the banks that haven't failed), or a few increases in salary (I am thinking now of 1928, not 1933). He then owns enough of the apples to make him very fearful of jolting the apple-cart. And yet our world's apple-carts are badly in need of some jolting. I think it will have to be done, for the most part, by young people who are too young to have lost the belief that while the old world may be good in some particulars, it is none the less ready to be changed for the better.

As I said at the outset of this chapter, I have no answer to the question as to what youth can do about it. Youth will have to find their own answer, just as we saw them finding it in Europe and Asia. I think, however, that there are three directions in which a beginning might be made.

I wrote something, a few paragraphs back, about facts and information. They can be a dead weight. On the other hand, they should be a stimulus. Youth, looking at the troubles with which our world civilization is burdened, needs to make inquiry into the whys and wherefores. I have sat in on young people's discussions that never got within a stone's throw of present-day reality. I have sat in with other young people's groups where real facts about real problems in a very real world were being uncovered and discussed.

I know of such a group in a church in an industrial city. The depression had hit this town, and hit it hard. There was much talk about living conditions among the poor. Only the professional social workers seemed to know anything very definite about the situation. These young people decided that they would find out for themselves. They did. They organized into squads of investigation. They divided the city into areas, and when they got through with their canvassing they had the facts. And the facts were so serious that they were able to bring pressure to bear upon city officials, and the result was a city-sponsored clean-up of the slum districts. Information in this case was the starting point for action.

But conviction is also needed. The force that drives Hitler's Nazis or the Communists or the young nation-

alists of China is not the force of information alone, but of information made living and dynamic by a living and dynamic belief. You can get a library full of facts, but unless there is a desire—a conviction—to do something with the facts, nothing of importance will happen.

As I happen to know, the young people in the church to which I just referred spent several months studying the question, "What would Jesus do?"

They took the New Testament and tried to find out as best they could what Jesus would do about war, what he would do about race relations, what he would do in the midst of the present depression. And, out of this discussion, these young people began to acquire convictions. They began to want to do the things that they believed Jesus would do. And, to the best of their ability, they started out to do some of them!

The program represented by Jesus needs the support of that kind of conviction. There is very little of Christ and his New Testament plan for the world in some of the youth movements to which I have referred. Some of them are dominated by national selfishness, some by economic ill-will, some by prejudice and bitterness. The world and Christianity will be the losers if attitudes of that kind gain the ascendency.

They are likely to gain the ascendency unless young people with ideals mobilize to carry their ideals into

action. There are many movements of youth today. A new one is called for: a youth movement that accepts Jesus' program as its platform and which takes Jesus' spirit as its driving power. Enough of today's young people will read this book to start such a crusade and make it a success in tomorrow's world.

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